







Painted for the Danieler Company by Lric Frater, 1 S.L.

# Fine things of the Elizabethan era

FABRICS woven and metals wrought with the inborn skill of British hands. These were precious things, worn and used with honour in the Elizabethan Court. Shipped at the Queen's behest over scarcely charted seas these fine things demonstrated to the world the talents of British craftsmen. This craftsmanship still lives today, inbred, in the finest British wares. Since motoring first began it has been the unstinting fashioner of magnificent Daimler and Lanchester cars.



Once, these were the prerogative of a favoured few. Now, embodying traditional craftsmanship with the 'know-how' and skill of modern production technique, Daimler and Lanchester cars are produced in larger quantity at prices within range of discriminating motorists in every quarter of the globe. Traditional Daimler skill goes on, into a New Elizabethan era, bringing new standards of luxury motoring to many more people in many lands.



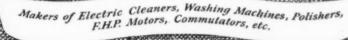
DAIMLER AND LANCHESTER

The Daimler Company Limited and The Lauchester Motor Company Limited . Corentey, England

# GREETINGS

Hoover Limited
welcome this opportunity to offer
loyal greetings to Her Majesty
and to express the hope that she may have a
long, peaceful and prosperous reign

HOOVER LIMITED





FACTORIES AT: PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MDDX. MERTHYR TYDFIL. S. WALES. CAMBUSIANG, SCOTLAND. HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

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-they have such a good name

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Blazers - Cricket Caps - Squares Scarves - Sweaters

World famous for School, Regimental and Club Ties.

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you well . . . but an Agfa camera will serve you better

to capture the many memorable highlights of this Coronation Year.

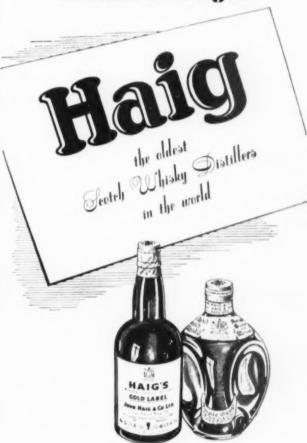
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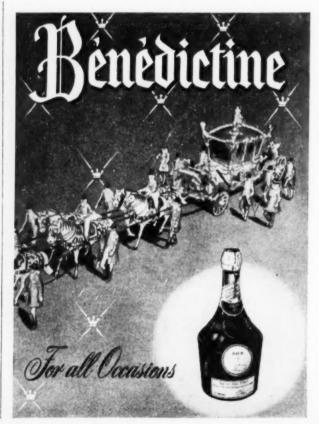
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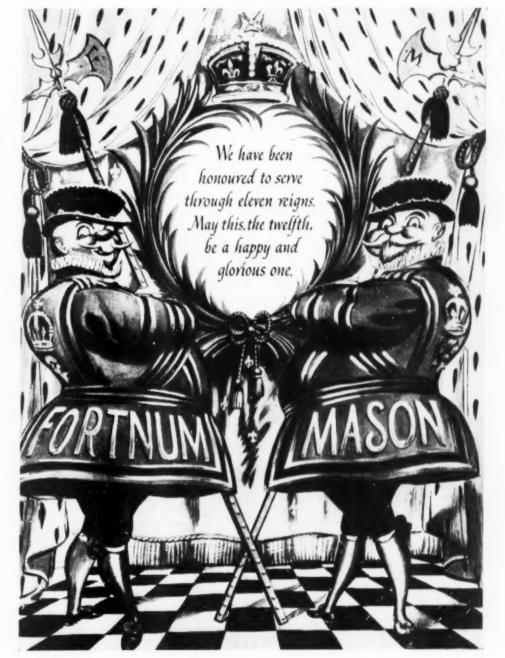
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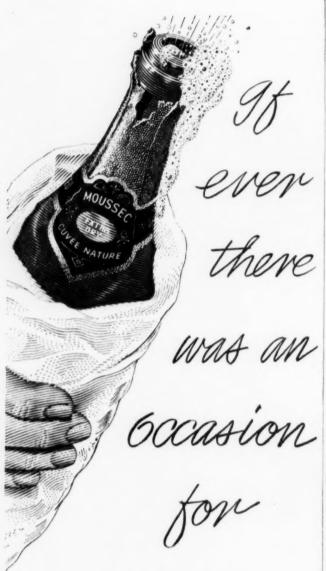
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Fortnum & Mason 181 Piccadilly London W1 Regent 8040



# MOUSSEC

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From all wine merchants.





MATHER & PLATT LTD., founded in the early years of the nineteenth century, have now progressed through eight reigns. During the period that has taken us from the sedan chair to the delta wing, the firm has been in the van of technical development.

TEXTILE FINISHING MACHINERY • CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS
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EQUIPMENT • FOOD PROCESSING MACHINERY

Mather & Platt Limited

30.6





Waterproo model; 17-jewels non-magnetic shock-aborbing lever movement; smart stainless steel case; cordon band, available in a choice of colours. £30 107 BG. As above, but not waterproof. £28

Similar models to above



141 D. Man's waterproof model 17-jewels non-magnetic shockabsorbing lever movement; stainless steel waterproof case with leather strap. £29 . 5. 0

# EVERY YEAR

### ETERNA · MATIC

PROTECTED PRECISION WATCHES

For many, many years, the dependable and exquisite ETERNA-MATIC will bring pride and pleasure to the fortunate owner. The smallest watch with the unique, unbreakable ball-bearing mechanism providing nouseless self-winding, it is famous throughout the world for its beauty and accuracy. For Coronation Year and for all time, the ETERNA-MATIC is your ideal choice.



Look for this symbol on the dial.

There is also a wide range of ETERNA Precision Watches with keyless movements in a variety of styles for ladies and men.

ETERNA-MATIC and ETERNA Watches are available from all high class watchmakers.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies the Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (wholesale only) will gladly send you the name of a retailer in your district. Write to:-

ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS (ETERNA DEPARTMENT)

36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1



# CORONALIZON SPECIAL



All kinds of periodicals—magazines and newspapers the world over—are producing special issues to mark this great event which will bring new inspiration to many millions as they ponder over it in picture and the printed word, or recapture its great moments through the radio. That this should be possible, reel after reel of specialised paper must go roaring through the printing presses; for picture papers in all their wonderful colour, for newspapers. Reel after reel of specialised papers—gravure printings and newsprint—to the mass production of which the Reed Paper Group contributes its great output capacity and its unique technical resources.

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"You know, dear, I think my Aga has been alight ever since the last Coronation."



Deeds that gild the fabric of history are woven into this island's tapestry; but none shine so bright as those of the first Elizabethans, for they are interwoven with the scarlet thread of valour, the silver thread of genius & the golden thread of faith, and

the passing of the centuries cannot fray nor fade them. These are the deeds that are most vividly before us as we trace the pattern of the new Elizabethan tapestry: may they inspire us to surpass even the glowing colours of the old.

**HARRODS** 



The Coronation Chair

'Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird

A British sovereign's brow! and to the throne

Whereon she sits! whose deep foundations lie

In veneration and the people's love.'

after Wordsworth



A loyal tribute from the Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry, on the occasion of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth 11. May she long reign over us in peace and prosperity.



The photograph shows the celebrated porcelain box of Balkan Sobranie Cigarettes which nearly three quarters of a century ago was the foundation of the reputation of the House of Sobranie

1953



... one gifted family of hereditary master-craftsmen has guided the fortune of the House of Sobranie. Never believing in mass production for the masses, they have always produced cigarettes and pipe tobaccos for the discerning few—from leaf selected and made up from the rarest products of the world's richest tobacco growing soils. The result is a range of products for connoisseurs—for those discriminating smokers who reach for cigarette or pipe not from nervous habit but because they look forward to enjoying one of the pleasures of good living. The Sobranie smoker savours a little with satisfying circumspection he never merely repeats for repetition's sake

# THE HOUSE OF SOBRANIE

for discerning smokers of pipe or cigarettes



Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture and Balkan Sobranie Virginia No. 10 1 02, 1105 5/3



Balkan Sobranie Turkish 8/- for 25



Sobranie Virginia No. 40 5/9 for 25



Sobranie Straight Cut Virginia 4|- for 20



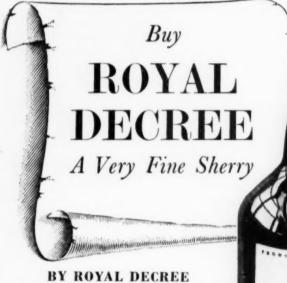
Sobranie Black Russian 7/6 for 25



Sobranie Cocktail Virginia 5/6 for 20

If you are resident ubroad and base difficulty in obtaining Sabrania Cigarettes on Pipe Volumes, Tobaccos, please write for duty free prices or name of Agent in your country to SOBRANIE LIMITED 156—144 CITY ROAD LONDON ECS



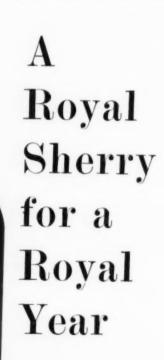


Queen Isabella II granted to Duff Gordon & Co. the use of the Royal Arms of Spain.

From your wine merchant 20/\_ full size bottle



JARVIS, HALLIDAY & CO. LTD.



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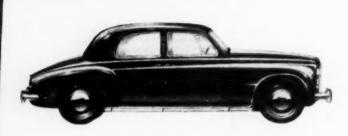
### IN THIS CORONATION YEAR

# If you really care for your car



always use FINERGOL

the oiliest oil





By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Co. Ltd.

To the casual glance two more dissimilar vehicles could not be imagined. Yet the stocky Land-Rover receives the same careful attention in machining and construction as does its elegant companion. And the Rover Seventy-Five, with all its grace, is as tough and sturdy as the Land-Rover.



Alike in Craftsmanship

Fitness for purpose is the keynote of both.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON



## The Professor of Milan\*

THE Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The watcrproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."



This new, slim, hand-finished case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Bolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

#### FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



A landmark in the history of time measurement

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED, (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR),

1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1



Supreme for the occasion

# Ambassador

SCOTCH WHISKY

an exquisite whisky

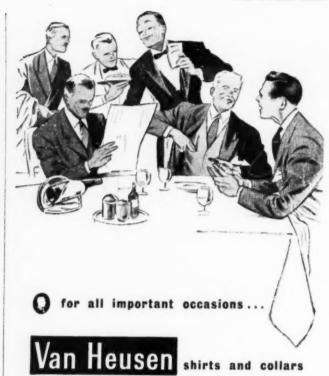
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GLEN SCOTIA ARGYLL
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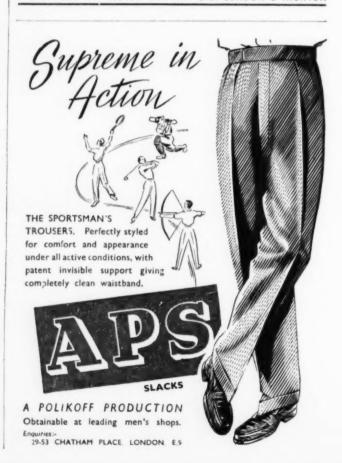
SCAPA KIRKWALL Founded 1885

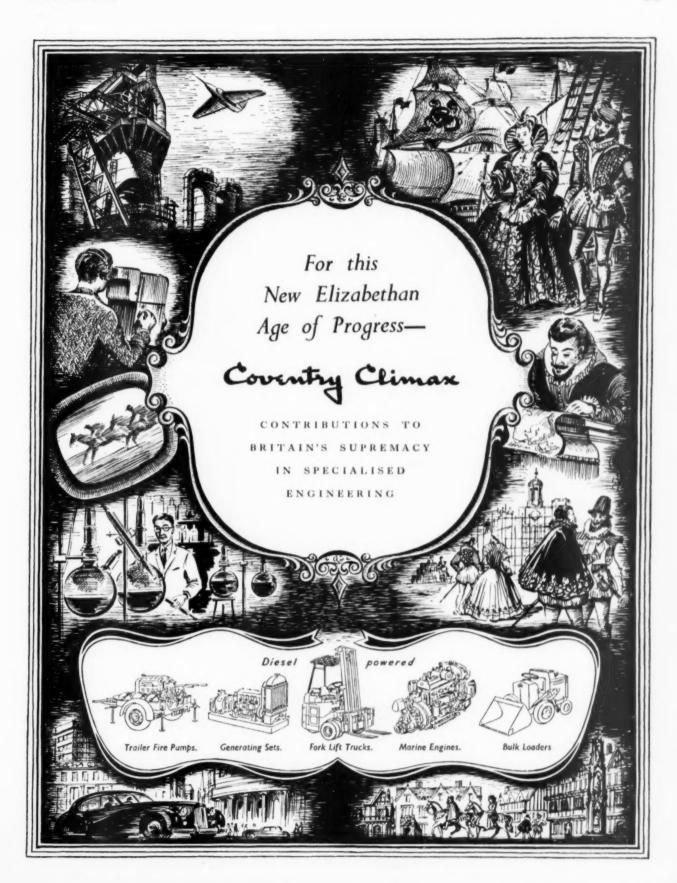
BLOCH BROTHERS (Distillers) LTD., GLASGOW





THE BRITISH VAN HEUSEN COMPANY LTD. LONDON & TAUNTON





The family car



THE

THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE

ONE AND

A QUARTER

LITRE

SALOON

For fathers who've retained their youthful craving for sports motoring, MG have made the 11 Litre Saloon. This is a handsome and smooth-mannered car in town, and a real devil for speed in the open. Mrs. Sportsman plus three children can sit and stare as the world sweeps by at a comfortable 60 m.p.h. or a masterly 75. This performance (with power in reserve) is one of the advantages of having a 1,250 c.c. MG sports engine in a compact saloon body!



Features include . . .

Wish-bone type independent front wheel suspension

Piston-type hydraulic dampers

Powerful hydraulic brakes

Adjustable, direct acting, rack and pinion type steering

Unusually pleasing walnut facia panel

Finest grade leather upholstery

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LTD., SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD



London Showrooms: University Motor: Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1

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# Gillette

# **Coronation sets**



Three superb Gillette Shaving Sets offer the world's finest and most widely enjoyed shaving system at prices for all men. See for yourself the perfect good taste of the handsome Coronation cases, the excellence of the razors and blades. For every man or boy who shaves here is a great souvenir of a great occasion and a daily satisfaction for years to come.

Good mornings begin with Gillette



#### Cheers for the 58 set

A fine case in red leatherette containing a one-piece silver-finish razor and 10 Blue Gillette blades in the handy Dispenser with used blade compartment.....



Cheers for the 45 set 





Symbols of all that is best in air travel

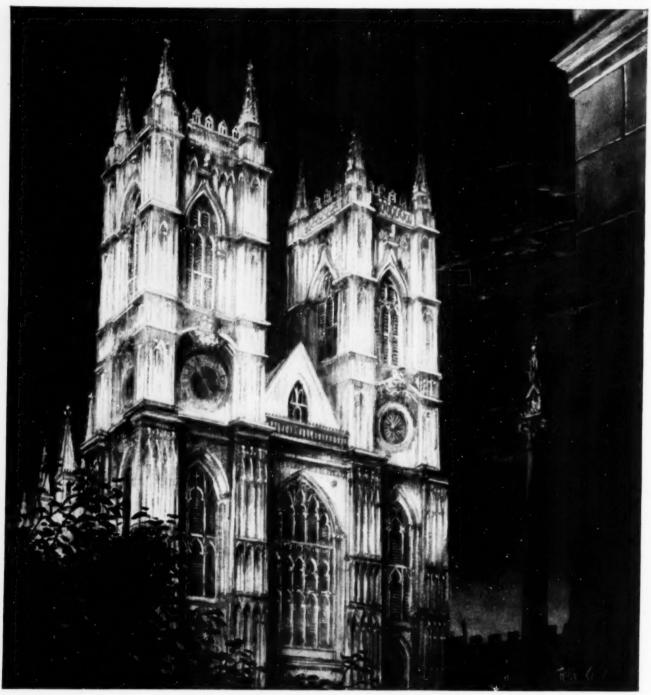
B·O·A·C



May the generous hope of peace and prosperity be the dominating note of Her reign



BOOTH'S Dry Gin



# 'God Save the Queen'

Once again this is a year of splendour for the Abbey in Westminster, which was built for prayer and for the anointing of Kings and Queens. Once again the triumphant trumpets give silver tongue and the people cry out 'God Save the Queen' and the soft English daylight gains glory from gold and silver and precious jewels. Here, in

this sacred place, time adds rich colour to the tapestry of history, as a new Queen, Elizabeth II, is anointed, crowned and enthroned. When the Queen departs from the Abbey, and the great throng is dispersed and the air is still, the glory will still be there, enshrined in this holy place, guardian of our faith and of our Royal Succession.

# The Crowning of a British Queen Through Palace gates, before the crowd, The glittering procession swings; And British hearts surge full and proud Along this route of Queens and Kings, As past and present pageant meets In London's brave historic streets. Down Whitehall where the carriage goes, By Downing Street and Treasury, John Milton minted verse and prose And Scottish Monarchs once made free: Their Royal residence's fame On Scotland Yard bestows its name. Along Pall Mall, along St. James, Old buildings echo with the din; Old streets remember famous names: Lord Byron, Wellington and Gwyn: While Guardsmen's plumes awake the air Like pigeons in Trafalgar Square. Through Piccadilly, up Park Lane Both drum and trumpet mark the beat, And martial horses wheel to rein Down Oxford, then, and Regent Street, As we and strangers share the scene -The crowning of a British Queen.

# A Home – fit for Giants to live in!

When you build a roof to cover the giants of the air, you are talking in acres. The roof of the Bristol Brabazon Hangar, for instance, runs to over 6 acres spread across 3 huge spans, a type of construction made possible by the lightness and strength of the Ruberold Insulated Metal Roof Deck.

Think of the prohibitive weight of such a roof in any other material. Think of the achievement in providing lasting weather protection to such a surface under all extremes of temperature. Then think of Ruberoid the next time you are building a home for a giant—or anything else, for that matter.



THE RUBEROID CO. LTD., 167 Commonwealth House, New Oxford St., London, W.C.I







# famous OLD FORESTER

America's finest Bonded Bourbon Whisky, is available to you in England! (Also France, Belgium and Italy)

Simply ask your hotel management to arrange delivery to you; or 'phone your requirements to the Old Forester distributors listed below.

Old Forester is available in the personalized bottle (fifths and 1.6 oz. miniatures) illustrated here with special Coronation label; or in the conventional fifth shown below.

#### In ENGLAND, \* call:

Saccone & Speed Ltd., 32 Sackville St., Piccadilly, London W.1. Tel: Regent 2061

#### In FRANCE, call:

Pierre Riviere et Cie., Rue Tronchet 17, Paris. Tel: Anjou 57-07

#### In BELGIUM, call:

Société Anonyme pour l'Exploitation des Grandes Marques (Sogram) Rue Picard 6, Brussels. Tel: 250068, 250075

#### In ITALY, call:

Francesco Brunelli & Co., S.A., Darsena H. 21, Genova. Tel: 62.392

Remember — You can bring back to the States free of duty 1 gallon (5 fifths) of Old Forester. \*Payment in U. S. dollars only.

#### BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION

Export Division: 89 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.

OLD









All over the world smokers of Barneys, at this time, loyally salute

## QUEEN ELIZABETH, II

and with deep gratitude recall that the pipe pleasure they now enjoy so much had its origin back in the days of



during whose reign tobacco was introduced into their homeland.



Made by JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE









Unruffled... Silvifix Hair Cream will keep your hair under perfect control—even in life's most strenuous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something just a little better than the ordinary.





B.S.A. Cycles Ltd... 10 Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

# Vive la Reine!

The people of France
join with Britons all
over the world in wishing
Her Majesty a long, peaceful and
prosperous reign. For nearly a thousand
years, during which no fewer than thirteen
Queens of England were daughters
of France, the history and fortunes of
the two peoples have been inseparable.
Mutual respect has grown with
the years; nowhere more than in
France does heartfelt friendliness
await all Her Majesty's subjects,
from the homeland or from overseas.



FRANCE • FRENCH RAILWAYS
CH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

CORONATION OF
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

OUR SINCERE HOPE May that sense of devotion which prompted SirWalter Raleigh's historic act inspire all Her Majesty's subjects of every colour,

creed, and race.

Glorious Reign from all employed at the LOCKHEED Hydraulic Brake Company Ltd., and the Associated Companies.

C.J.L.



### The Medieval Bridge

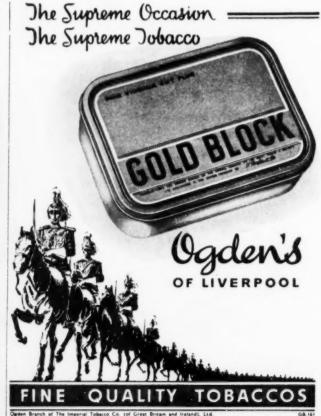
The narrow-arched stone and timber bridges of the middle ages were picturesque enough, but they were a menace to life and limb and a hindrance to river and road traffic for hundreds of years. The modern bridge is in contrast, with its simplicity of line and its complete adequacy to the purpose for which it is built.

#### CHISWICK BRIDGE

The entire structure is of reinforced concrete, comprising one 150-foot span, two 125-foot spans, and approach spans.

CLEVELAND builders of bridges





THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., DARLINGTON Open Branch of The Imperial



BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.



CARS · COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · TRACTORS

Ford







The Griddle is for cooking pancakes, griddle cakes and drop-scones, for dry frying when it is a substitute for the frying pan and for simmering once the contents of a pan have been brought to the boil.

★ The Multiple-Heat Grill is a separate totally-enclosed radiant heat unit designed for a great variety of dishes; for the quick grilling of meat and for fish, small joints, poultry and game.



# THE NEW WORLD GAS RANGE

will produce all that is best in British, Continental and American Cooking.

Only 39" wide, it has a combination of features available in no other cooking appliance.

- ★ Four Boiling Burners and Griddle on the Hotplate
- \* Separate Multiple-Heat Grill
- ★ Large Regulo-controlled General-Purpose Oven
- ★ Independently Heated Warming Chamber or Low-Temperature Oven
- ★ Fine-control Safety Taps
- \* Storage drawer

See it at your Gas Showrooms



Models are available for Bottled Gas



No one ever says No to

Mackintosh's

FAMOUS DURING



SIX REIGNS



To meet the challenge of this wonderful
year, well-dressed women will make
a point of having something really
exquisite in the way of stockings, however
hard they are to come by. For sheer
beauty to match this year of elegance,
what could be more fitting than Aristoc?



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



Raise the flag
Crowd the route

Lead the cheers

Burst with pride

— and bless the day

Clarks Men's Sandals came your way





### Great Occasion

The thoughts of all are now focussed on the Great Occasion, and many will be recalling former scenes of pageantry and splendour. But there are other moments, too, that we in The Salvation Army like to remember. An old couple entering a Darby and Joan Home, freed from the fear of separation in the evening of their lives . . . a father welcoming home his daughter, found after months of anxiety by the Army's Reconciliation Bureau . . . a young wife returning to husband and family from the Mayflower' Training Home for neglectful mothers, the past forgotten and her confidence restored. No banners were hung out for these events and no crowds gathered; but, for The Salvation Army, they were indeed great occasions!

Will you help the Army's work? Please send a Coronation Gift to General Albert Orsborn, 2 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . . THERE'S

# The Salvation Army



Long to reign over us ...

with the loyal greetings of
Pyrotenax Limited

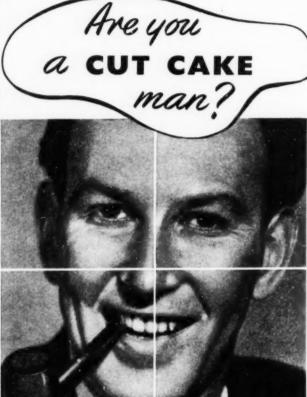
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PYROTENAX
Mineral Insulated Cables

The use of the trade name 'Pyrotenax' is exclusive to the products of this Company and its associates.

PYROTENAX LIMITED · HEBBURN-ON-TYNE · Phone: HEBBURN 32244/7

Branches at: LONDON · BIRMINGHAM · MANCHESTER · GLASGOW
GD70



Then you like a tobacco with the coolness of matured leaf, and the full natural flavour brought out by skilled blending. You like it to burn cool and slow, giving long-drawnout delight. And of course—at an everyday price within your means: Matured Virginia (Red #) 4/6d per oz: Cut Cake (Yellow #) 4/2d per oz.

FOUR SQUARE 'RED' 4/64

A genuine aged-in-the-cask Virginia, cut from the cake, whose rich colouring is the measure of its maturity. A mild-to-medium tobacco of rare quality—cool, slowburning and richly satisfying.



#### FOUR SQUARE 'YELLOW' 4/2d

Cool and of medium strength giving the long-lasting, economical smoke a practical man demands. Made from selected leaf, cut from the cake, in broken flake form ready for the pipe.

The least expensive of all good tobaccos-

## **FOUR SQUARE**

There are four other distinct blends:

Original Mixture (Blue #)..., 4/6d per oz
Empire-de-luxe Mixture (Green #). 4/2d per oz
Curlies (Purple #). 4/1/2d per oz

#### SUPPLIES TO SMOKERS ABROAD

FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS are readily obtainable in most countries and to others we can despatch minimum quantities of 2 lbs. British Duty free. If we can be of assistance, please write to:

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LIMITED, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

# ATCO

CHARLES H PUGH ITO MOTOR MOWER MANUFACTURERS

# **MOTOR MOWERS**

The lawns of Britain are dressing themselves with more than usual care in their uniform of rich green velvet to honour our young Queen who has set her loyal yeoman subjects a fine example in husbandry by the care lavished on the royal parks and swards. Out come the rollers, the lawn-edge trimmers and, of course, the Atcos in their smart green, red and gold livery. Atcos have long played a major role in the pageantry of English gardens and share their world-wide renown. For, Atco is much more than a motor mower of precision-built excellence; it offers a long lifetime of lawn mowing Service\* maintained year in and year out in the spirit as well as in the letter. Atco Motor Mowing, easier and more efficient than ever, celebrates this historic year with the finest range of models in the history of Atco.

\*ATCO are the only manufacturers of motor mowers maintaining their own Service Branches strategically situated throughout the British Isles in order to maintain the value of your purchase.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9



# **Coronation Tea Party**

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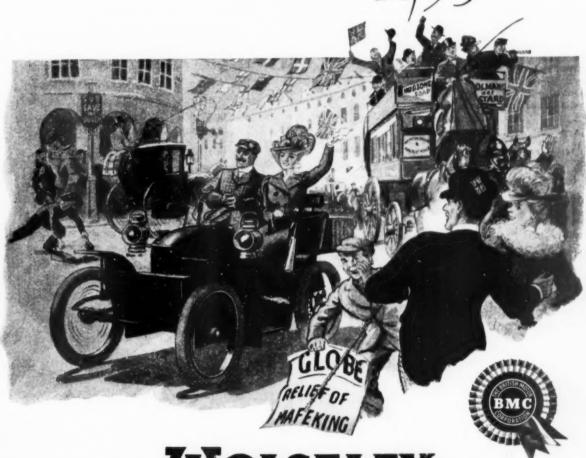
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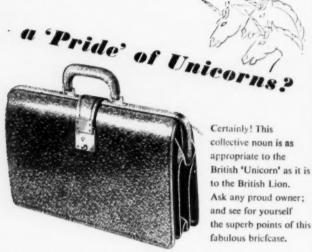
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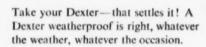
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MAY 20 - 22	CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW Royal Hospital, Chelsea, London.	We suggest an immaculate grey flannel suit and an enormous button- hole.
25 — 30	AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP Liverpool.	Wear a tweed jacket and flannels as a matter of course. Bright check socks are optional. A golf umbrella keeps the sun shining.
JUNE 2	CORONATION OF H. M. QUEEN I	ELIZABETH
3 — 6	EPSOM SUMMER MEETING Epsom, Surrey. (Oaks 4th, Derby 6th)	Members' enclosure, top hat and morning coat. Tattersalls, either that or bowler and lounge suit.
June 7 — July 26	GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA FESTIVAL Glyndebourne, Sussex.	Full evening dress or a dinner jacket is essential.
10 — 27	ROYAL TOURNAMENT Earls Court, London.	You just go as you are. Unless, of course, you happen to be taking part, in which case you wear what you're told.
11	TROOPING THE COLOUR Horse Guards Parade, London.	Lounge suits are the order of the day, Carry an umbrella in case it rains.
11	FIRST TEST MATCH, ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA Trent Bridge, Nottingham.	If you haven't got an M.C.C. tie, make sure you go with someone who has.
16 — 19	ROYAL ASCOT FLAT RACE MEETING Ascot, Berkshire.	In the Royal Enclosure, morning dress and a grey topper—elsewhere a formal lounge suit and a bowler.
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## SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

REVIEWERS of books sometimes say that the Introduction alone is worth the money. This is emphatically not true of the present Introduction, the main purpose of which is to fill an awkward gap between the Frontispiece (which can be seen by holding this page up against a strong light) and the beginning of Part I, which can be found by following the direction indicated by the red arrow.

This, so far as is known, is the first red arrow ever to appear in a page of type in this paper and, together with the apparition of the word CHEESE (taken at random from a dictionary) in blue, may be said to mark an epoch. To a writer accustomed to working in the drab medium of black on white and suddenly accorded the benison of Technicolor, the temptation to plumb the resources of the spectrum is very strong. Purple commas would look well. Ginger brackets, enclosing an epigram in green, would fill a long-felt want. But an Introduction is no place for fripperies. We must get on.

What, then, is this Coronation Number about?

It is hard to say. It is certainly not about the Coronation, which has not, at the time of writing, yet taken place. Nor is it about the arrangements for the Coronation, for these are in other hands and have, in any case, already received mention in contemporary publications. One might perhaps say that it is about the people who are now busily cutting sandwiches, painting front-gates and in other ways preparing themselves to celebrate one of the great occasions of their lives. In other words, the whole British people.

In Part I of this remarkable and colourful work an attempt has been made to describe, and even explain, the pre-eminence of the British in all walks of life and in every manifestation of natural and inherited genius. The attempt has failed. There was not room, for one thing. For another, modesty (our sole national failing) has intermittently raised its ugly head. Worst of all, a carefully planned chronological sequence, designed to trace from prehistoric times to the present day the influences that have wrought upon us for good, has been thrown into confusion by the intransigence and incompetence of writers and artists—particularly the latter, whose chronological sense is nil.

Still, with all its faults, Part I is undoubtedly the finest thing of its kind ever offered to the public.

Unless it be Part II. Part II is called "Rising to the Occasion" and reveals, by means of many curious and deft examples, the genius of the British people for bestirring themselves and matching their endeavours with the hour. In the home and in the Antipodes, in the offices of the local newspaper no less than in those of the borough council, at Harwell, at the headquarters of the British Railways Executive, in the dark unfathom'd caves of the Conchological Society, a deep determination to make a go of it wells up at times like these. Part II pays tribute to this spirit, in a handsome and muddle-headed sort of way; and it concludes, not unfittingly, with a brief account of the manner in which Punch itself has risen to the big occasions of its career.

Part III can only be described as

Words in yellow do not show up as well on a page as one could wish, but it is too late to do anything about that now. "The Coronation Charivari", as Part 111 is called, holds within the narrow confines of its sixteen pages all those drawings, articles and poems that, while eminently suitable for a Coronation number, could by no stretch of the imagination be coerced under the themes of Parts I and II. To call it a hoteh-potch would be insulting to its compilers. "Farrago". which is a Latin word meaning mixed fodder for cattle, might suggest a lack of respect for its readers of which this paper is never guilty. These considerations go far to explain why the word "Charivari" (according to the O.E.D. "a serenade of rough music, made with kettles, pans, tea-trays, etc.") was ultimately selected. But the music is far from rough. Part III can confidently be recommended to young and old alike.

There remain four pages—and those the most important—which stand outside the three main sections of this Number. On pages 17-21, between Parts I and II, Mr. Punch pays his warm and loyal tribute to the Royal Family—to Her Majesty the Queen, whose charm and quiet wisdom and patent devotion have made her, in a few months of rule, the best-loved Sovereign that even the well-loved House of Windsor has given us; to the Duke of Edinburgh, popular, unassuming, intensely interested in the work and play and welfare of his Queen's people; to their children, on whom are set the bright future hopes of Britain and the Empire.

Such then, in brief, is Mr. Punch's Coronation offering. It is not claimed that this Introduction, for all its virtues, gives a complete, or even a partially accurate, account of the contents of this Number. To find out what it contains the reader must still put himself to the trouble of reading it. Let him do so forthwith—and

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN





# WHY WERE WE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

AS climbers halt to view the distant plain, Or, if they're frank, to get their breath again, At this high moment let us stop the car And wonder how the Briton came so far. I think I hear a mocking song below: "Why was he born so beautiful?" they crow. Men see us moving to an iron plan, Like some great plough, across the map of Man. We know, though not unconscious of our worth, It was by accident we owned the earth. We picked up islands while we wandered round, As gentle tramps find pennies on the ground. We tried philanthropy—and made it pay: "High principle," we thought-"Low cunning," they. Our "liberties" were not invented things, But simply sprang from having funny kings. King John, King James and Co. deserve the thanks Of all the Britons-and indeed the Yanks. Our Constitution stands, serene and stout: But that's because we never thought it out. If we had made it perfect and precise, We should be caught, like others, in a vice. They call us cold and hard: they have no case. We are the softies of the human race. One Rule of War makes all the nations gay:

"Whatever the result, the British pay." We start an Empire: it becomes a Club. The Lion now takes lessons from the Cub. Some say that Adam was an Englishman: But he had not the kindness of our clan. "The Woman tempted me" is not, I pray, A thing that Englishmen will ever say. More probably, we are the seed of Job-We bear so well the buffets of the globe. There is our weather, which we all condemn: But that explains our fortitude and phlegm. For men must be, who dwell in such a clime, Ready for anything at any time. But if our Latitude enjoyed more sun, If it were 5, instead of 51, Sun-soaked and languid, we should lose our punch, And sink—who knows ?— to sleeping after lunch. We've won high marks for mastery afloat: But every islander must use a boat, If, like the Swiss, we lived on lakes and rocks, We should have made, not history, but clocks. Not Virtue then, not Villainy, but Fate, A string of accidents, has made us great: From which it follows, in the Hall of Fame We ask no banners—and deserve no blame.



# "VERY GOOD KIND OF FOLKS"

Some account of the Invaders of our Island from the earliest times to 1066, and of our debt to them

IT is widely recognized by the British, when at rare intervals they pause to assess their own merits, that some of the credit must go to their ancestors. Drake is mentioned as a typical forebear. The names of Richard I and Nelson come up frequently; less often, those of Strafford and Perkin Warbeck. This is good as far as it goes, but there is a deplorable tendency to think that our ancestors began with the Norman Conquest, or not much earlier. J. R. Green, for instance, begins his 800-page Short History of the English People in quite modern times-and in Sleswick, of all places, where a number of eorls and ceorls lived each within his own border or "mark, a belt of forest or waste



land". This is taking a very narrow view of the English, even if you add, as Green does, that "if a stranger came through this wood or over this waste, custom bade him blow his horn as he came". By the time these Angles came blowing their horns over here, three-quarters of the entire history of our island up to the present time was already used up.

Our ancestors began in 6000 B.C. It was at about this time that Britain became an island, and nobody who got in earlier counts. Swanscombe Man in all probability came on foot and got embedded in Pleistocene gravel for his pains. We are not concerned with such pedestrian antecedents. The people who made us what we are are those who came over by boat, thus exhibiting typical qualities of courage, initiative, scamanship and resource before they even got here. This paper, therefore, ranges

from Mesolithic times to 1066—by which date we were all here, bar a few Huguenots and others who were late. The die was cast. The British people were assembled and could settle down to the business of seeing that nobody else got across.



A Short History of the Mesolithic People

Goodness knows when these people arrived, but they stopped being mesolithic about 2500 B.C. They did nothing but hunt, and their influence is still strong in these parts. It is true that the creatures hunted by the British have grown progressively smaller, but the size of huntsmen and horses has increased in proportion, so that the total weight of a hunt is probably about the same now as in 6000 B.C. The point is not strictly germane, but it shows continuity and must stand.

The Azilians, a definitely mesolithic people, ate shellfish, though not, as far as is known, at Southend.

The Neolithic Age

The Windmill Hill People, earlier than whom we cannot go, built "causewayed camps". The camps were surrounded with a splendid series of concentric ditches, but these old Windmill Hillians left portions of each ditch undug, so that there was a splendid series of causeways into the camp. Archæologists cannot understand the purpose of digging great ditches and then leaving innumerable entrances into the stronghold. The



point is that they were not entrances but exits. The W.H.s wanted to get out, thus displaying enterprise, the urge to explore and a love of the open air. These qualities unfortunately fell into disuse in medieval times. If the Barons had had drawbridges all round their castles, the Wars of the Roses would have been over in half the time. But there was a revival. Drake was a typical Windmill Hill man.

In general, the Neolithic British were a small dark type and made much pottery, which they broke in pieces and sprinkled about, afterwards heaping earth on top. Thus we owe them not only Staffordshire, but also much of our archaeology, for, but for their habit of making mounds, we should have been at a loss to know where to dig.

What do We owe to Our Bronze Age Ancestors?

Buttons and alcohol, for two things. The Beaker Folk introduced both these amenities, not necessarily in that order. Jacquetta and Christopher Hawkes, in one of their books, describe them

Norman



as having "pronounced brows and determined chins", as well as round skulls and buttons, so that one is inclined to add Lt.-Colonels (Retd.) to the tally of our indebtedness. But the thought is perhaps too fanciful. White moustaches, in any case, came in with the Vikings.

Our love of pomp, of dressing up, of putting on a bit of a show, we certainly owe to the Bronzeagers. Gold ornaments they had, and amber, and maces and sceptres, and they also conceived the idea of putting one stone on top of another (as at Stonehenge), from which Euston station is indirectly derived. Celts were pouring in at





# Victorian

about this time, and everybody knows that to them we owe twilight and much of Scotland and Wales and a kind of four-wheeled horse-drawn cart, besides our ability to be less phlegmatic than we are supposed to be, when the occasion arises. These Celts went on arriving pretty well with every tide, bringing pins, ploughs and socketed axes and establishing the kindred arts of Dressmaking, Agriculture and War wherever they went. They also brought Iron, which takes us into another Age.

#### Iron Men

It is now the fifth century B.C. Athens had her Parthenon, but we had the Glastonbury Lake Village, and it wasn't more than another three or four hundred years before the Belgae were over here with chariots, wine and wheeled ploughs. These Belgic ancestors are very important. They started the tradition of helping the Continent to resist would-be world-conquerors, and got Julius Caesar in such a rage that he came over for an operation-not at this time free. Skip about ninety years and we reach

#### The Romans

Historians are apt to say that the Romans came and went without lasting influence on our development. This is a bit too starry-eyed for those who know their legionaries. To the Romans we owe our gravitas, our respect for law and order, our liking for route marches and a disposition to sprawl at meals. We didn't take readily to greaves, and never acquired the Roman habit of speak-



Edwardian

ing publicly from platforms decorated with the beaks of ships, but you can't have everything. In any case, we have a right to include these people among our ancestors, and we owe them much. They stopped any more Celts coming in, to take a debt at random.

# Hopelessly Jumbled Period

We now enter a period in which a surprising number of ancestors came and went in all directions, handing down qualities which we could ill spare, but moving with such rapidity that it is difficult to say with certainty who bequeathed what. "No spot in Britain," says J. R. Green, who joins us at this time, "can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet.' This is all very well for those who are English rather than British in outlook and who agree, moreover, with Green that the Angles slaughtered every Briton they met and so became our exclusive ancestors. But it cuts clean across the theme of this article and must be hotly denied. To men of broader views



there is hardly a creek or inlet in Britain that did not first feel the tread of our ancestors, of one kind or another, and all are equally sacred. Jutes, Frisians and Danes swarmed ashore at places where the grass had already been trampled flat by Maglemosians, Urn Folk, Lake-Dwellers, Deverel-Rimbury People, the La Tène Boys, the Belgae, Aulus Plautius and not a few out-and-out Gauls. This is not to deny our obligation to the Angles-we owe to them our habit of blowing horns when crossing waste spaces, for example-but we must keep our sense of proportion.

We should not have been so tall and fair but for the Danes, nor so red-headed and strong-limbed but for the Picts, nor so eager to



# Post Neo-Georgian

rush in large numbers to the seaside but for the constant need to try to repel ancestors from Norway, Jutland, Frisia and Ireland (whence, for some reason, came the Scots). It may well be, too, that our habit of never knowing when we are beaten grew up at this time; for no sooner were we beaten by one lot than another lot came and beat us from a different direction, so that final defeat was out of the question. All this running about, from the fifth to the tenth century, made the people fit. There was also an inclination to build ships. in the hope of getting away from it all, which ultimately led to Seapower, Discovery and Empire.

#### The Normans

By 1066 practically all the virtues were in the bag (to make use of a later expression) except Graceful Living, the Dance and Tapestry-work. These we owe to the Normans, the latest of our ancestors. Since their time we have all been descendants, content to build upon the sure foundations laid by seven thousand years of continuous invasion.

### Conclusion

This has already been reached. But the curious (who are Mesolithic, by the way; the Maglemosians were always poking about among the rocks with bone 'ipped harpoons) may like to know that the title of this article is taken from The Rivals, iv, 1: "Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with."

H. F. Ellis

Present Day





# MEDIEVAL MANNERS MAKYTH MODERN MAN

As we survey the period that stretches from William the Conqueror to the Accession of James I, we cannot but notice the emergence of the Characteristic British Virtues. It being the function of scholarship to complicate the obvious, this remark will now be elaborated until our space runs out.

Keeping a Stiff Upper Lip probably came in with the close-fitting armour that rendered facial crinkling uncomfortable. A good deal of Medieval Social History



is Armour, and no piece of such had more permanent influence than the bit that covered the features to prevent nose-slicing, eye-gouging and taking it on the chin. At one time, armour was lots of little metal circles linking on to other little metal circles,

and later it became solid metal roughly shaped into the semblance of man and horse. In time, it got so solid that gunpowder had to be invented before the stalemate could be eliminated from warfare. By then, the upper lip had been immobile so long that it stayed that way, except during the attacks of sneezing that followed the discovery of snuff.

Love of Animals began with the easier beasts, especially dogs, and only later worked up to more test-

ing love-objects, like parrots and tortoises. Large numbers of hounds lay about on the rush-strewn floors of castles, gnawing bones tossed them by the gravy-stained fingers of Tenants-in-Chief, Mesne-Tenants and Unknown Knights. Bird pets



tended to be Falcons rather than Budgerigars. Whereas the Greeks liked to find an owl perching on their wrists, Barons expected a Hawk. Much time was spent on training them to soar into the empyrean, hunt wild birds and, most important of all, come back. Among Modern Men the homing bird preferred is the pigeon. William I loved the tall stags as if he were their father, which he was not, unless Rufus was some kind of Red Deer: the evidence is against this. At the other end of our period, we find the inexplicable Cardinal Wolsey feeding carp, thus making them into a rather paunchy fish. Although on one occasion Richard III showed a passionate desire to have a horse, it is doubtful whether he was an animal lover in the true sense.

Believing that First Come should mean First Served was a latish development. The herdsman's family snatching at their pease, the chatelaine's guests bribing the turnspit to hew them a juicy bit of venison were only slowly and reluc-



tantly converted to the view that mere priority of arrival should count before strength of elbow or breadth of acres. (There was some rule, if memory serves, to the effect that if you had been sitting there since the reign of Richard I you had a good claim to preferential service.) Magna Carta deals with almost everything you would expect to find in the Middle Ages, and this comprehensive document is silent on queues. Even as late as the Elizabethan Theatreor Playhouse-you had to cudgel your way in through a howling mob of apprentices, cutpurses and shorthandwriters hoping to pinch the play for their own theatres. Of course, if you were a gallant, you could arrive when you liked and be escorted with low bows to a stool on the stage. The test of whether you were a gallant or not was the length of your sword and pedigree. The best we can say is that this Virtue was on the latent side.

Modesty, on the other hand, was well established by early times, and may, indeed, have appeared by the reign of Alfred. After all, a less modest man would not have meekly taken over another cook's cakes: he would have insisted on showing off some culinary invention of his own. The well-worn anecdote about Canute and the waves shows him exhibiting the didactic meekness of the modest, although he could have been merely mock-modest, thinking that it was only by secretly willing the waves to advance that he overcame their diffidence. Bruce was not ashamed to learn from a mere spider. Elizabeth I, who learned in an altogether more high-flown way from Roger Ascham and had a tiresome habit of rating Ambassadors in impromptu Latin, at least ran herself down in public, calling her wit mean and her body weak. To turn from rulers

to subjects, a wider field, we find Chaucer allowing the Host to stint him of his tale of Sir Thopas. Anselm described himself as a poor sheep, not the phrase of one puffed up by pride. Warwick the Kingmaker always made other people King.



S

Cheerfulness in Adversity began in the reign of Edward II, who, despite his defeat at Bannockburn, showed amusement at the nicknames given to courtiers by P. Gaveston. Moreover, he played pitch and toss



while the stormclouds gathered, led by Thomas of Lancaster, and was in every way more puckish than his father, the Hammer of the Scots. It is true that the Hammer legislated with a verve and complexity that endeared him to lawyers, although he began with a confused upbringing; but this was more a matter of Fortitude Overcoming Early Hardships than of Cheerfulness: the Hammer was no grig. Whether the Merrieness of Robin Hood's Men was evidence of the Virtue under discussion, we cannot tell without knowing more about Sherwood Forest than that it was within easy reach of Nottingham.

 $Love\ of\ Flowers$  was going strong by the Wars of the Roses.

Gregariousness goes back much further. The remark "An Englishman's Home is his Castle" illumi-



nates this stage of development. The number of people who were packed into the average castle was astonishing. They lay about on bundles of straw, paced the battlements, huddled in wooden huts in the courtyards and thronged the secret passages. The tend-

ency of the modern dwelling to contain visitors, resident relatives and persons who elude exact definition shows what this Virtue has led to. Of course, even in the over-castellated days of Stephen many Englishmen did not, in fact, live in castles. Some inhabited cottages of clay and wattle made, some fasted and feasted and copied the obscurer Latin authors in monasteries, some, those engaged in foreign trade, lived between and below decks. It is noticeable that this alternative accommodation was equally suited to sociability. The exception that proves this particular rule is the Hermit.

Readiness to Rule Others for their Own Good grew unevenly and uncertainly. After practising with varying success on the Welsh, the Scots, the Irish and the French, under the Tudors we suddenly switched over and concentrated not on trying to rule the Spanish Empire but on preventing the Spaniards from ruling it. Within the realm, the Villeins got ruled a good deal, and

had to fit in their agriculture with frequent visits to the Manor Court, the County Court, the Assizes and various Moots. If they made a getaway to a Borough, they were at the disposal of Courts of Aldermen, Craft Guilds, Guilds Merchant, Courts of Pie Powder and the Mayor.

Englishmen were also liable to the unpredictable exactions of Archdeacons, Privy Councillors, the Star Chamber, Excisemen and the King of the Beggars. The King also ruled hard in all directions, except when being ruled himself.



Some of the social developments between the Eleventh and Sixteenth Centuries were not destined to endure; for instance, the custom among Knights of wearing ladies' gloves: this is done now only by Knights with very small hands. Pilgrims no longer wear peas in their shoes as they ride to Canterbury: instead they sit through dinners on the off-chance of hearing a speech by an Ambassador. Yet, while there have been alterations in detail, the essentials remain the same. The Briton to-day is the descendant of the Briton whose date may be loosely defined as of yore, and heredity will out. In the dim recesses of the British Unconscious, crops still rotate, palfreys jingle and Dark Ladies inspire Sonnets.

### NOTES

- Proof of several of the above theories might be found in the British Museum Library. (38 bus from Victoria.)
- It may be helpful to remember that the Tudors were Welsh and the Stuarts Scottish. This gave us two full centuries of rule by Celts, and would account for the fey element in the Constitution's combination of non-existence and vitality.
- 3. The reference to the Elizabethan Playhouse raises the perennial question of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Has it ever been noticed that Bacon's name reads backwards as "No cab"? This reference to progress on foot suggests Shanks' pony. New Edward II was known as Longshanks. Can it be

mere chance that Marlowe wrote a play called Edward II? If Shakespeare's plays were, indeed, the work of Marlowe, either they or Marlowe will certainly need extensive redating.

R. G. G. PRICE













A Short History . . .









. . . of British Costume



# an elizabethan crisis

HE Crowning of a New Queen is a Good Time for Putting Affairs of State in Order. Many Court Favourites have Lately Forecast a Golden Reign. Let us not be led Astray in Expecting a Mountain only to find a Mole Hill. Wealth must be Created by Work or War. War is a Spasmodick Aid to the Exchequer but our Work must be Plann'd.

Government White Vellum is soon to be Iffu'd Setting out our Hopes and Fears for the Future. Apart from the Noble Pictures and Charts that it will Contain, it will also have some Writing for Those of the Populace able to Read.

UR Diplomatic Correspondent, who has Inside Knowledge. Reports that the Survey Insifts that we must Produce More in Order to Close the Guinea Gap and Maintain our Standard of Living, Twenty Per Cent at the Very Least and More Still if we are to Press on with our Plans to De-nationalise the More Lucrative Thames Boatmen.

RNAVISH Workmen must be made to Work Harder. Similar Cases to that of the London Porters, who Fought Against the Employment of Spainish Imported Labour, must not be Tolerated. Several Porters Lost Their Ears but there was Widespread Discontent that not one was Executed.

Deal on Invisible Exports in the shape of such Fine Men as Sir Francis Drake who Earn'd us many Fine Ounces of Spainish Bullion from Private Enterprises. We have to make up for the Loss of these Overseas Investments by Increas'd Production at Home. New Overseas Markets are Constantly being Open'd Up and Fresh Bilateral Trade Agreements will shortly be in Operation with Cathaia, Moseovia and Tartary. There is an Eager Desire for More of the Spirit of 1588 (when we stood alone). Already Restrictions are Diminishing: recently Her Majesty's Government Decreed that we need no Longer Bear a Brand on the Forehead at Birth.

'TIS Hop'd Incidentally that the Demand for Corn will not be fo Acute this year, for Sir Walter Raleigh—Famous Traveller and Man of Letters—has Introduc'd a New and Delicious Vegetable call'd the Potato which it is Hop'd will Help to take the Place of Bread.

E must all Play our Part, for the sake of the Old Country, for the Glory of Western Civilisation—and because we Shall Lose our Ears if we Do Not.

# THE THIN RED OBLONGS

YOU cannot hope to have a complete picture of a nation's character until you have studied its people in war and its attitude towards military achievement. For instance, while the British associate names like Wellington, Nelson, Lord Raglan and the Marquis of Granby with public-houses, the French take names of equal renown, such as Austerlitz and Solférino, and attach them to railway stations. To the French a battle, even a victorious one, is something so grim and serious as only to be matched with the forbidding gloom of the Métro. To the British, war is more like a game, and Waterloo Station is purely accidental,

Like all games, the game of war as the British play it has its rules. Known as the Principles of War, these used to be eight in number, remembered characteristically enough by a mnemonic introducing the M.C.C. They have now been reduced to two:

(a) The British soldier loses every battle except the last.

(b) The British soldier has a traditional genius for improvisation.

These rules may both conveniently be illustrated by reference to the Battle of Minden.

A glance at the sketch-map (Figure 1) shows that Minden is a town the shape, though of course not the size, of a lamb chop, lying on the west bank of the River Weser. The red oblongs are the British infantry. Tacticians will have it that the traditional formation for the British in battle was the square, but military historians have usually preferred the oblong, sometimes with a little whisker jutting out half-way along one of the longer sides which presumably represents the Commanding Officer.

The red-and-white oblongs are the British cavalry. The blue and blue-and-white oblongs are the French infantry and cavalry respectively. Everything else in the picture is German, including the topography but excluding Lord George Sackville.

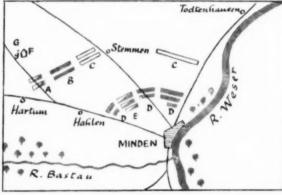


Figure 1

British cavalry

British infantry

Allied infantry

French infantry

French cavalry

Haystack.

Lord George Sackville

Game-pie (cold)

The allied forces are commanded by Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. He appreciates the situation and gives an order. The British infantry, unable to make head or tail of his German accent, misunderstand it and advance against the French horse.\*

Clearly the situation is out of hand. Never before in history have infantry attacked cavalry in such a manner. Only the traditional British genius for improvisation can save the day. Instead of being cut to pieces, the infantry "break through three lines of French cavalry and tumble them to ruin".

With the enemy reeling back in confusion, Prince Ferdinand orders Lord George Sackville to follow up with his cavalry. Lord George, whom it is difficult not to picture sitting behind a haystack with his A.D.C.s, eating cold game-pie, declines to do so, and the Prince (not knowing the peculiar British genius) is furious

But consider. If the Battle of Minden were won, it would need to be the last in the campaign. By leaving enough French alive to regroup and fight another day, Sackville brilliantly ensured that the Seven Years' War should complete the four years still due to it, instead of ending prematurely on August 1st, 1759.

It is worth remarking that there is no Métro station called Minden. Sackville, on the other hand, became Secretary of State for the Colonies, in which capacity he directed the war against the Americans. This characteristically imaginative appointment has never been as deeply appreciated by the Americans as it should be.

An army, however, needs more than rules to guide it—it needs long and arduous training in carrying out those rules. The bravery of the Minden infantry and the originality of Lord George Sackville were no mere accident; they were the outcome of centuries of tradition. Wherever the British have served, whiskers, if worn, have been of moderate length. The hair of the head has been kept short, except in the case of cavalry officers. General Gallieni, the defender of Paris in 1914, is known to have worn elastic-sided boots: such a thing could never have happened in the British Army, where such boots are not in the Ordnance Vocabulary.

A feature of the British Army much admired by foreign critics is the unique relationship between officers and their men, an association known technically to-day as the officer-man relationship. This, too, dates from early times. Thus the Duke of Marlborough, though he insisted on the sternest of discipline in his forces, would sometimes dismount from his carriage so that some footsore soldiers might ride in it; and to-day National Servicemen will often stop their cars to pick up subalterns trying to hitch-hike back from week-end leave. Such mutual understanding is the only possible basis on which week-end leave for subalterns is at all practicable.

This oddly human side to the military character is

<sup>\*</sup> A technical phrase. There was, of course, more than one



perceptible in most of the great leaders in the history of the British Army. Wellington as a boy wanted to be a professional violinist. Wolfe recited Gray's Elegy before proceeding to the capture of Quebec, to the great confusion of his General Staff, who only realized at about the twelfth stanza that he was not issuing verbal orders for the attack. Wade built roads all over Scotland. Wavell edited an anthology of verse. Clearly these men shared some quality more fundamental than an initial W in their surnames.

It is this streak of broad humanity that distinguishes the British general from most of his opponents. There is no evidence that Napoleon (apart from a certain facile ability in the designing of tombs and triumphal arches) had any artistic bent. The mind rejects the thought of Ludendorff reciting Schiller's Das Ideal und das Leben before the battle of Tannenberg. On the other hand, up to quite recent days we have had examples of British Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State for War who have exhibited oil-paintings in the Royal Academy.

No study of the British soldier is complete without a word as to his arms. The Encyclopædia Britannica hits on a deep truth when it says: "The British race prefers a club to deal with troublesome neighbours, whereas the Latin races knife one another." The club employed is generally large, luxurious and very exclusive, so that troublesome neighbours can be kept outside without difficulty. The club is normally in some big town a good distance behind the lines, but the trench warfare so widely employed in the First World War was an attempt to bring the club right up to the front. Its success was not considerable; but there are still officers serving, if only on the committees of golf-clubs, who can claim with pride that they never missed a four-course dinner between Mons and the Rhine.

The invention of the tank changed all this by emphasizing the element of mobility in warfare. Other factors—air co-operation, wireless communication, the increasing substitution of chinagraph pencils and tale for little coloured flags stuck in wall-maps—have all added their influence in this respect, and by the outbreak of the Second World War warfare had become so mobile, not to say mercurial, that many com-

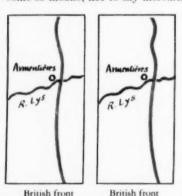
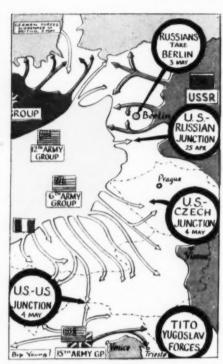


Figure 2

line in 1914

line in 1917

manders were compelled to wait for the B.B.C.'s evening news bulletin before completing their situation reports. With their traditional genius for improvisation, Britons soon made use of this new-found freedom by siting their clubs farther back than



21st Army Group operations in Germany (By permission of U.S. War Department)

Figure 3

had hitherto been found possible, while keeping them in good communication, by jeep or scout-car, with the forward areas.

One result of this increasing mobility is that the oblong as a tactical formation is dead. In the static conditions of 1914–1918 it became elongated to such a fantastic extent that a single rather sinuous oblong could be employed to show the dispositions over an entire front (see Figure 2); but the technique of Blitzkrieg has rendered it completely obsolete. It has been replaced, ironically enough, by the arrow (see Figure 3). Ultimately we may even see the end of the time-honoured practice of square-bashing.

The basic principles remain. It is not hard to forecast the course of the First Galactic War: the United Planets (commanded by an American general, but considered by the British Press as predominantly British in composition) will be beaten by Sirius and retire to strategic positions in Canis Major, where they will be surprised by a strong thrust of flying saucers from the Dubhe-Merak axis which will necessitate a further withdrawal to prepared positions near Capella. However, in the final battle of Pluto, when the enemy's supply-lines have been extended by rather more lightyears than they can conveniently encompass, the U.P. will win a decisive battle, leaving them undisputed masters of the solar system but more heavily taxed than ever. B. A. Young

# 500

## A SALUTE TO LITERATURE

"TELL me," I said to a friend the other day, "can you name any English writer to whose influence you owe some dominant trait in your character?"

"Yes," he said, "I can. Hamilton."

" Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bonnie bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow '?' 'I queried.
"Well," he said, staring, "I don't know about that.
He was a writer I came across as a boy. I've always tried to model myself on his Harry Wharton."

"And Wharton's influence has been greater than

that of, say, Beowulf?" I asked.

"Good heavens, yes!" he exclaimed. "He was just an out-and-out bully, surely? Wharton knocked him for six——"

"We're at cross purposes," I interrupted impatiently. "Beowulf killed Grendel's mother."

"I can well believe it," he said stiffly.

It was obvious that we were making no progress,

and I changed the subject.

My main purpose in this article is to pay tribute to a varied selection of writers, from the Venerable Bede to Michael Arlen, but I also wish to attempt something more-an estimation of the extent to which English literature, through these writers, has influenced the national character and helped to make us what we are to-day. This is no easy task. As we have just seen, my friend was convinced that it was through Harry Wharton that literature's most powerful influence had been exerted upon his character, but we may be quite sure that there were others equally potent. Now, I happen to know that both Williamson and Shakespeare are among his favourite authors. Is it not extremely probable that, deep down in the subconscious, King Lear and Tarka the Otter are quietly playing their parts, combining, perhaps, to modify the Wharton

image in a very complex way? Searching my own mind, it seems to me that I am what I am thanks to Desmond Coke and Milton, but I know well enough that I must have been influenced by many others. To hold forth authoritatively, therefore, on the extent to which certain writers have moulded the national character, when one is ignorant of their effect on one's own, is manifestly ridiculous, and I shall content myself with indicating probabilities rather than offering anything in the nature of positive conclusions.

Of the Venerable Bede, as a man, we know comparatively little. A benevolent face, the mobile lips often writhing in an impish grin, short, sturdy legs a trifle bowed, a fondness for practical jokes—these are all that come down to us through the centuries. His History of the Abbots has provided a mine of material for English writers (see Doyle's Professor Moriarty and Priestley's Mr. Golspie), and the influence of his rather heavy-handed humorous works may be traced in the Saxon Chronicle and in Eliot and Kipling. Inferior intellectually, but perhaps rather more successful in lighter vein, was Alcuin (735-804), with whom the Emperor Charlemagne is said to have "chatted and laughed unreservedly" on many occasions. There are some delightful things in his Elegy on the Destruction of Lindisfarne by the Danes. A later humorist, Erigena. though he was in fact an Irishman, may perhaps be mentioned, not so much for his treatise on Predestination, in which his mirthful pen never found full expression, as for his extraordinary readiness in coining whimsicalities, many of which still set us shouting with merriment as we sit by our wireless receivers. I have space for no more than one example of Erigena's wita sharp retort to his patron, Charles the Bald.

"What is the difference," queried Charles,



"He's still nibbling at the outswinger.



" between a Scot and a sot ? " (A Scot then meant a native of Ireland.)

"Just the breadth of the table!" flashed Erigena, who was sitting opposite. Charles gave a hearty laugh and no more was said.

(I am well aware that the bulk of the work of the writers so far mentioned was executed in Latin. All were born in these islands, nevertheless, and what they wrote would be part of our literature even though they had seen fit to set down their thoughts in Chinese. These men were our ancestors: if we were to trace our bank manager's progenitors back through fifty generations or so, we might well chance to reach one who had his chair pulled from under him by Bede.)

In a lightning survey of this kind it is inevitable that a great many illustrious names should go unmentioned, and we must now prepare ourselves for a vigorous leap of some eight hundred years. It should take us, if all goes well, into a cottage in Chalfont St. Giles. Let us enter into conversation with the occupier.

"Your work has been very much admired."

"Yes."

" Il Penseroso is an exquisite poem."

" Yes."

" It has a fineness of which Jonson was incapable."

" Yes."

"You rise to great heights in L'Allegro."

"Yes."

"Your fame is secure for all time."

" Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better be off."

"Yes."



"Good! An excuse to dress up."

I think that this little piece of dialogue tells us a good deal more about Milton than many a much longer account: at any rate, I have avoided boring my readers with the eternal prattle about the affair of Jeremy Taylor's trousers and the dropping of the infant Bunyan into the cauldron of soup. We see that Milton had a pretty good opinion of himself, that his manner was taciturn and that his work was much admired. As to his influence on our own times, there are two schools of thought: first, that he has made himself felt through the intermediary of subsequent writers (it is said that a connecting thread can be traced from his work, through Fielding, Mrs. Hemans and Trollope, to that of Mr. Michael Arlen); and, second, that his influence is direct, and percolates through the population as a consequence of thousands of animated discussions of his works in home, office and factory. I should hardly like to take it upon myself to pronounce judgment on the claims of either school, but I am inclined to lean, if anything, towards the former. Most of the writers who sway public opinion to-day have themselves been influenced by past thinkers. Wordsworth's earthstained mantle falls squarely upon a Nichols, only to be torn from his shoulders by a Street: a Coward rushes forward brandishing the torch that Barrie once snatched from the reeling Ibsen.

Although we are now not very far from the end of this tribute, we have as yet heard little more than a few faint chuckles from the Dark Ages and a brief snarl of celestial thunder from the seventeenth century. It may be that I have devoted space to Harry Wharton that would better have been occupied by Macbeth or Tom Jones, but the damage is done now and I must push on, covering as much ground as possible in my last paragraphs. If, in the effort to cram as many names as possible into the space remaining, I should chance to blunder occasionally, I hope I may be forgiven.

Thomas Carlyle, lexicographer, opium-eater, literary executor of Mrs. Trollope, and three times winner of the London to Brighton walk under the name of Christopher North, has left behind him only one poem worthy of the name, The Ancient Leechgatherer. He has been widely imitated, nevertheless, and his rollicking trochees are heard again to-day in Eliot's Barrack-Room Ballads and Waugh's rather insipid Indian Love Lyrics. Wordsworth's Flaming Youth had a considerable vogue some years ago, and his Dark Wanton still commands a ready sale. His spare, austere figure, clad in the familiar Canadian lumberjack's shirt and halfrolled jeans, may often be seen in Fleet Street to-day. arm-in-arm with his friend and disciple, Sir Osbert Sitwell, whose best-sellers, National Velvet and Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man, are the fruit of much thoughtful observation and well-nigh half a century in the saddle. The Westward Ho! of the Welsh miner, Michael Arlen, with its courageous indictment of the anti-vivisectionists, and Professor Joad's penetrating study of a desert romance, The Sheik, are also worthy of a passing mention.

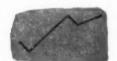
All in all, we may well salute, in our native writers, a grand bunch of triers.

T. S. WATT

# Ligro Com

# ADAM SMITH, BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON

NE of these days the Great Powers, or some fairly plenary session of the United Nations, will have to sit down and decide, once and for all, who discovered and invented what. The present position is intolerable: international amity is threatened by a welter of conflicting proprietorial claims to the discovery or invention of such things as penicillin, atomic fission, detergents,



A typical British boom of the 19th century

television, tanks, torpedoes, telephones, vacuum flasks, jet propulsion, zip-fasteners, reefers and nylons. Only the other week some Russian newspaper was staking its country's claims to "the Ashes" and Existentialism.

It would be unfair to lay the entire blame for this unhappy state of affairs on the Russians and the Americans, though it cannot be denied that their historians have tended in recent years to become aggressively acquisitive: no, the British too have been at fault. As the only people with access to the real facts, they could have silenced all bickering immediately, yet for a hundred years and more they have pursued a course of insufferable modesty and have waived the



A typical British slump of the 19th century

credit titles which their men of science, industry and economics so richly deserve. And in doing so they have created an artificial noman's-land of uncertainty and suspicion.

Britain must now speak up and clear the air.

It is important that we should not press our claims—however legitimate they may be—to inventions of minor importance, es-

pecially where the patent rights have expired. Gadgets, machine-tools, weapons and the like can be attributed to younger, less sophisticated nations. We can afford to be generous.

At the same time we should tolerate no infringement of our inalienable right to be regarded as the pioneers of wealth and welfare. We must repulse every move to steal our thunder in such departments of human achievement as—

Trade
Economics
Income Tax
The Factory System
Transport
Laissez-faire
Finance
Insurance
Limited Liability
Democracy
Colonization
Industrial design







Trade followed the flag

Let us see whether our claims here can be substantiated.

Trade. This was invented by Adam Smith of Kirkealdy and adumbrated in his treatise An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. The theory was based on two premises, that an Englishman's word is his bond, and that trade follows the flag; and both were proved right up to the hilt. Trade won immediate success and was soon adopted enthusiastically by other countries. Later, Britain invented Free Trade, which has been described as "one of the most unsordid acts in history"

As traders the English enjoyed a remarkable reputation. When they moved into a foreign country with their samples and order-books they seemed perfectly at home, as, indeed, many of them thought they



Thin red lion of Empire

were. In those days most of the map was coloured red, and an English trader could hardly be expected to know, or care, when he happened to stray into a patch of blue or yellow.

His method was casual in the extreme. There was none of the slick salesmanship that characterizes the American commercial traveller. No patter, no free gift-coupons. Very often the English trader would leave a market without having mentioned the reason for his visit, and would later, as an apparent afterthought, transact a vast volume of business in a post-script to a thank-you letter. Another clever idea was to teach the natives cricket.

Economics. It was inevitable that economics should have been invented by the British, for the best economists always postulate insular conditions. An economist is a person who has a cake, a protractor and a sharp knife, and is entirely surrounded by water.

Economics become impossible in India and China, which are peninsular or continental, overpopulated and virtually cakeless. One of our great English economists, Malthus, was the first to realize that economics would be doomed if the population of Britain got out of hand.

We have always had more than enough economics for our own needs, and so have been able to help other, less fortunate, communities with our surpluses. We exported Free Enterprise and Laissez-faire Capitalism to the United States and Social Credit to Canada, and we coached Marx and



Diagram to illustrate working of lock-gates



Engels in the theory of Communism.

Income Tax. This was invented by Pitt in 1798, and for many years was decidedly unpopular. Then, in the nineteenth century, the newness wore off, as it were, and the idea was accepted as integral to the British way of life. In 1842 the tax was at the rate of



Island designed by Pro-Lindharp Walrusk to simplify economic theory

sevenpence in the pound on incomes of more than £150 per annum, and was therefore restricted to the privileged few. As Britain be-

came more democratic the tax was extended to the Middle Classes, and finally, during World War I, to the workers. In time the boon of social egalitarianism spread to most other countries, but nowhere was it found possible to levy taxes as high as those in Britain. We remained the envy of the world.

A crippling rate of income tax is of course excellent propaganda, for it is tacitly accepted that only very wealthy people can take such punishment. The French have never properly understood this and continue, despite our example, to avoid paying taxes wherever possible

The Factory System. It was no accident that made Britain the workshop of the world. We invented factories because we had to supply the world with cheap manufactured goods and because we had



Life in a blacking factory (circa 1830)

to make use, somehow or other, of an important economic discovery known as "the division of labour" The goods (tin trays, fire-irons, willow-pattern pottery, bridges, dhotis and the rest) had to be cheap because people overseas were deficient in purchasing power. Foreigners were relatively poor

because we paid them very little for their food and raw materials.

It is true that the factory system produced serious overcrowding, insanitary housing and town-planning, sweated labour and other evils, but to offset these there were Chartism, Trade Unionism, the Factory Acts and Dickens. It is a sad comment on our day and age that the blacking factories no longer serve as the nurseries of great novelists.

Transport. The British people have always exhibited a peculiar talent for transport. We invented and championed bicycles, tandems,



See James Watt

nals, railways. roads, motor cars and aeroplanes. The story has often been told of how

James Watt discovered the power of steam.

Our first canals were cut by Brindley in the Manchester areawhere the essential raw materials were plentiful-and for a short time they were both popular and profitable. But canals cannot easily be exported, so we turned our hands to the construction of railways and supplied the world with them. These exported railways gave us an excuse to sell coal to hot countries. We invented the "Rocket ".

Later invented the "Comet".

Laissez faire. Another remarkable British contribution to nineteenth - century progress was



Reverse-type screw invented by T. Robinson in 1871

laissez-faire. This theory, someknown as "muddling through", gave us a free hand in everything, everywhere. Although one shudders to think how the ignorant workers of the period must have pronounced it, laissezfaire certainly helped to make Britain rich and powerful; and indirectly it helped the rest of the world, since a strong, powerful and hegemonic Britain is obviously a good influence.

Britain has now abandoned laissez-faire, but still has her memories

Finance. We British have always cultivated a flair for money and all its offshoots. We pioneered

banking, insurance, investment, limited liability. national debt and double-entry book-keeping.



Coins used by Brittraders Luglabaland

Such well-known phrases as "Safe as the Bank of England ". " A.1. at Lord's", and "Where there's muck there's money " tell their own tale.

Our interest in finance dates from the launching of the National Debt in 1693. We have always prized solvency, financial probity and a fair return on investments as canonical virtues, and more than once we have winced under the stigma of the National Debt. At home we regard the debt as a millstone round our necks, though to shocked foreigners we explain that it is merely money that we owe to ourselves, a sort of

hidden reserve. From time to time there have been suggestions that the debt should be liquidated (other than by conversion



Early dark satanic mill of 1790

schemes and runaway inflation), but they have always come to nought. One does not lightly discard the oldest National Debt in the world.

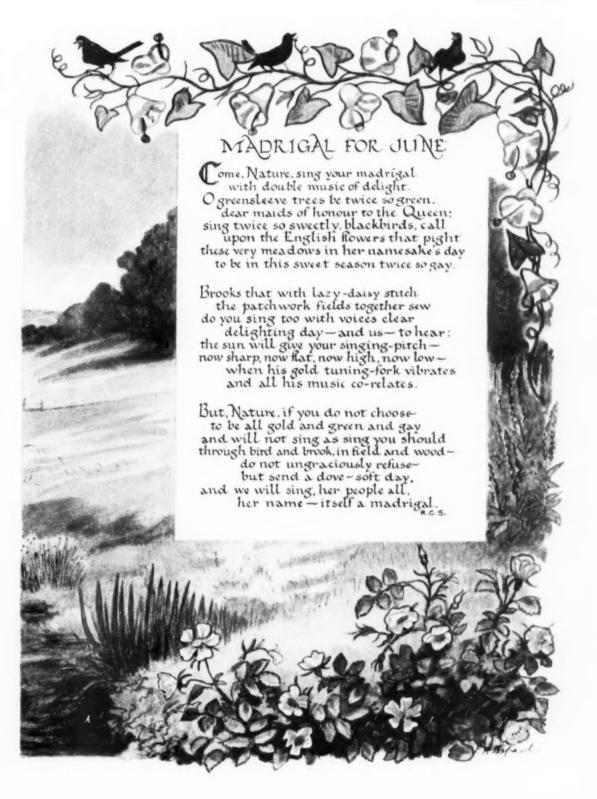
Democracy, Colonization, Industrial Design, etc. Comment on these inventions is precluded by lack of space.

As I hinted earlier, we shall lodge no strong objection if the Russians, Americans and others confine their claims to the more spectacular scientific inventions and discoveries. They are welcome to radar, films, electric toasters and the rest, provided that they accept and respect our incontrovertible claims to the contributions to progress listed above. We are not a boastful or an arrogant people, but we are rather proud in our way of our native genius and traditional greatness.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



ROYAL RIGHT HAND





ROYAL ROAD TO THE FUTURE



# PARTII - RISING TO THE OCCASION



# RHYME ROYAL FOR A CORONATION

ONCE, long ago, when all the world was young,
There reigned a Princess in a small green isle;
She sat her ancient counsellors among,
Lightened their disputations with her smile,
And gave their sombre acts a sweeter style.
This was no Paradise, an earthly State,
Yet in her time held something that was great.

Never, they said, was such a concourse seen
As at her crowning; for the island men
Flocked to the city to behold their Queen.
The sheep were left untended in the pen,
And the wild fowl went scatheless on the fen,
As all that people—so the legend tells—
Walked in the city to the sound of bells.

All this was long ago. After that day
The island men went back to byre and mill,
And soon the smallest child was old and grey
That saw that Coronation; though men still
Cherished the past, as simple people will,
And spoke with pleasure of the great Queen's reign,
As of past glories never seen again.

It is a legend now, and little more,
Holding small message for a harsher age
Racked with rebellions and insensate war:
Only, perhaps, that we can turn the page
And see those figures, on a little stage,
Play out their coloured pageant in our mind
And, passing, leave a greater peace behind.

Yet that age, too, was harsh; the page we turn
Is stained with ancient passion and dismay,
No less than this from which we slowly learn
Our modest parts in as sublime a play;
And this Queen, crowned upon a summer's day,
May see such wealth of history unfold
That men shall say, Hers was the Age of Gold.
R. P. LISTER





# PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE

"Most felicitous," said the Mehairman of the Borough of Tootham's Entertainments Committee. "I am sure you will all join with me in congratulating the chairman of our Coronation Sub-Committee on his proposals."

Alderman Crosse modestly stilled the applause.

"We tried to be—well, a little different," he said deprecatingly. "Dancing in the park, flood-lighting the Town Hall, fireworks—all those things are very well; I should be the last to deny their attraction, and Tootham, as you have heard, intends to have them all. But your sub-committee tried to do more; it felt that the occasion should be marked by something that was distinctively Elizabethan and, at the same time, genuinely imaginative. It is not for me to speculate whether my

little proposal for depicting the defeat of the Armada on the corporation boating-lake can be so described——"

This time the applause would not be stilled.

"There's only one thing—began Councillor Reed slowly.

There was an immediate lessening of the enthusiasm. Councillor Reed's instinct for feeling vaguely uneasy whenever the prevailing mood is one of buoyant optimism has so often proved right in the past that nowadays he has only to clear his throat to win adherents; he has been known to break down the most solid majority merely by coughing non-committally or shaking his head dubiously.

"We have been fortunate," continued Alderman Crosse, frowning at Councillor Reed, "in receiving the friendliest co-operation both from the County Council—who, as the authority for parks and open spaces, have put the lake at our disposal—and from Batterwell Borough Council, whom I may perhaps describe as the neigh-

bouring maritime power, since their boundaries, like ours, adjoin the lake's borders. Batterwell has entered into the scheme with an enthusiasm which, I am bound to say, has pleased and surprised us."

"Just my point," said Councillor Reed. "I should like to know who—"

"Order, please," said Councillor Mrs. Jukes in shocked tones.

Alderman Crosse rewarded the loyal little woman with a grateful glance. "Of course," he admitted, "the task of transforming the municipal rowing-boats into galleons will not be easy. We shall aim at suggestion rather than a too literal representation. But when one imagines the bellying sails, the smoke belching from the cannon of the rival fleets, the waving cutlasses, the fierce cries, according to nationality, of 'Avast, you lubbers,' or 'Nombre de Dios'——"

"Exactly what I'm getting at," put in Councillor Reed. "Who——"

"Imagining all this," concluded Alderman Crosse earnestly, "as our voluntary helpers are preparing it for us, can anyone doubt that we shall contrive a spectacle so stirring as to delight and inspire the most"—he looked thoughtfully at Councillor Reed—



" heedless and, er, philistine among 118 ? 11

Councillor Reed's conviction that something disagreeable was being hidden from him grew urgent.

"Mr. Chairman!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I think "-the chairman raised a soothing hand-"that

Councillor Reed has a question." "Too true I have," said Councillor Reed. "What I want to

know is this-who are going to be the Spaniards?"

"Well now." Alderman Crosse strove to appear at ease. "There I must confess that you have hit upon a point which, but for the abundant goodwill that prevailed between both sides, might have presented some difficulty. In granting to Batterwell the distinction of representing the English fleet, we were actuated---"

"Just as I thought!" Councillor Reed was scornful. "You mean we are to be Spaniards."

Alderman Crosse, conscious of a chillingly critical nip in the air, looked appealingly at the members of the committee. Even Mrs. Jukes averted her eyes.

"One must be realistic," he pleaded. "If you are going to do the defeat of the Armada, you've simply got to have Spaniards."

"I see that," said Councillor Rose reasonably. "We all see it. But why us? Why not Batterwell? They'd make perfectly good Spaniards."

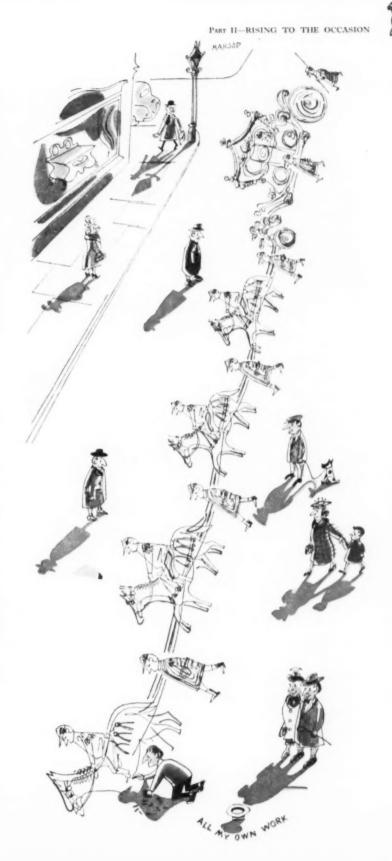
"Need I say," said Alderman Crosse bitterly, "that that was precisely the line I took with Alderman Pudder, who conducted the negotiations on behalf of Batterwell? I even pointed out the very material fact that we have five furlongs of coast line against Batterwell's three. That seemed to me to entitle us to the leading role."

Councillor Reed approved grudgingly.

"What did Pudder say to that?"

Alderman Crosse shook his head.

"He is a wily negotiator. He replied that our longer coast line was outbalanced by the fact that







the bowling-green is on their side of the lake."

"Bowling-green!" Councillor Reed snorted. "What the devil has the bowling-green got to do with it?"

Even in his distress Alderman Crosse permitted himself the superior smile of a savant confronted by a savage.

"Drake, of course. Sir Francis will finish his game of bowls and then embark with his fleet. As he will do that from the Batterwell shore, they naturally contend that

they should man the English fleet. I found the argument extremely difficult to resist. They tell me," he went on gloomily, "that Pudder is already cultivating a beard and telling all his friends that he happens to be exactly the same age as Drake was in 1588."

Those who knew Alderman Pudder shuddered.

"And you call that friendly co-operation?" growled Alderman Reed. "I call it blackmail."

"I won't deny," said the chairman slowly, "that this disclosure greatly diminishes my pleasurable anticipation of the event. To have our boats driven ignominiously off Tootham territorial waters by a numerically inferior Batterwell fleet led by Alderman Pudder, however thinly disguised as Sir Francis Drake, is not a spectacle to which one can easily reconcile——" He broke off in astonishment. "You wish to speak, Councillor Wyatt?"

"I do," said Councillor Wyatt, whose contributions to debate are reminiscent of a man keeping open a right-of-way by ritualistically walking over it once a year. "I have been thinking," he went on slowly. "Friends more deeply read in history than myself assure me that few nations match the perfect objectivity with which we English describe the battles in which we engage. The narrations of most, I understand, tend to be so

partisan that each account is unrecognizable to the other side. Thus, Trafalgar, for example, may figure in French history books as a resounding triumph for the French navy; German children, it may be, celebrate Blücher's victory at Waterloo. And so on. I am wondering whether a study of the works of one or two Spanish authors might perhaps prove-erfruitful. It should not be impossible to find some ardent nationalist who believes, heaven help him, that the Armada administered a drubbing, rather than received one. As Englishmen we should. of course, laugh at such credulity: but as Toothamites we might feel that it made possible an attractive line of action. I do not think that Alderman Crosse's spectacle would necessarily be less stirring if our researches found text-book justification for something more than the token resistance which I imagine Batterwell to be expect-

And Councillor Wyatt reverted to silence after at once the longest and most popular speech of his life.

"In plain Spanish," said Councillor Reed, hopping up and down with excitement, "you mean make a fight of it?" His eyes sparkled. "Oh boy!" he whispered ecstatically. "I mean—Nombre de Dios!"

# AT HOME

HAD a thought to travel up to town HAD a thought to travel up to the Sun went down, By the first train and, as the sun went down, To come home all exhausted with event, Bright colour dancing And spent sunlight glancing, Kaleidoscope still to tired eyes, On horses prancing, And the great glory of the land advancing To the crowds' cries. But I shall stay And pay my homage in a gentler way. A card has come From two whose invitations must be rare, Phrased with old-fashioned care, And in their home, Fenced in a seemly peace, I am to share Their proud delight, my merely being there

At all a signal honour to the day And so to me.

What little things must I not fail to see Lest something dim in those benignant eyes— Unwonted flowers, chintz that washed like new, Ribbon for Dinah and, with great surprise, The old Crown Derby "specially for you!" But as they say it that day they will mean "Fit for a queen!"

It will be all so quiet, all so slow;
But I shall go—
And I shall find something there
Which in its own small way
Will catch the throbbing of the urgent air
And meet the great demand of a great day.

D. MATTAM





# RISING TO THE OCCASION

The Society of Individualists stages a patriotic rally





### Mr. B. Propounds the Scheme

SING of Mrs. B., who had to stay An old School friend, a certain Mrs. A., Summoned to Town that she might not forgo The Sights a Coronation has to show Of glittering Pomp and festive Circumstance, But normally a resident of Hants. Equal in Years these ladies were, and bound By mem'ries shared of Lab and Hockey Ground, But o'er the whole wide world you'd scarcely find More marked Disparity of Brain and Mind; For Mrs. A., of Hants, had lately been Appointed to a Woman's Magazine, While Mrs. B., before her marriage, used To sit in Finsbury Circus reading Proust, But now, the Mistress of a Chelsea flat Which kept her very busy, simply Sat; Yes, Mrs. A. was Brisk and bright and trim While Mrs. B. was, frankly, rather Dim.

Said Mr. B. at breakfast-time: "My dear, A Season this of Merriment and Cheer; Our Window-boxes, as you know, are deckt With Blooms whose Tints a Nation's Joy reflect,



But something more is needed to express
Our private share in public Happiness;
O, let us hold a Party! Nothing rough.
We have of seemly-mannered Friends enough;
We'll ask some Thirty, Twenty at the Least,
We'll give them Drinks and treat them to a feast,
Gay, fairly Highbrow talk will circulate,
And they can Go at will, and come at Eight."
"A Party!" carolled Mrs. A. in glee,
And clapped her dainty Hands, and spilt her Tea;
"A Party," muttered Mrs. B., and thought
A bit, and said "Well, I suppose we Ought."

### Mrs. A. is Full of Ideas

Observe the Two now, in the Sitting-Room, Clad severally in Rapture and in Gloom! "This Fireplace here," cried Mrs. A., "it could Be Really charming cased in three-ply wood And tiled to Link the casual flower motif Which trellis'd Chintz would throw in High Relief, While an all-over Carpet, paper-white, Will Emphasize the Keynote, cool and light Of Gleaming Panelled paintwork and Afford A Contrast with the Gilded pelmet board Which finds its Echo-" here she gave a Sigh, And swept the Room with an expressive Eye. "The Sofa." In a lower Tone she spake. "For Seventeen and Twopence you can make From Sailcloth" (on a rising note of Hope) " Unbleached, of course, and Piped with tarry Rope



"Ah yes," said Mrs. B. "I often say
The sofa should be round the Other way,
Though then, you see, that Side is too far back.
I moved it up to hide a Patch of Black."
O, straight in Mrs. A. there leapt a Flame!
"I have a Sample bottle here. Its name
The Editorial section may not give,
But if you write and tell me where you live
And which your nearest Hardware store—the top
Twists round, like this; you shake the Merest drop
Upon the Carpet, rub with Sponge supplied,
And Presto!

Well, I haven't really tried;

I'll rub again."

Said Mrs. B., "I think I should have told you that it's Marking Ink.

Ser.

Oh well, it's all the same. I often say The Sofa's better round the other way."

#### Mrs. A. Gives Counsel in Abundance

During the Week that followed this, it seemed To Mrs. B. almost as if she Dreamed, Or, rather, that she had a second Self Which could not (for example) see a Shelf Without exhorting: Tear it down! With Feet And Frilling, it will be a Window-seat! A Self which talked of Sauceboats heaped about With Roses and the tender Spinach sprout, Of dainty tablecloths, uncrushable And laundered in a Jiffy; piggies Full Of coloured Matches, and a Heatproof tray



Showing, through Glass, the sands of Alum Bay; A Self which paused by junk-shops, to commend Small battered Spoons with Faces on the end; Which cried: Heed not the Toil, the Cost, the Strife; For this will be the Party of your Life!

Yes, Mrs. B. was now a haunted Soul, Saw life unsteadily, nor saw it Whole; "You've Torn the Hem," said Mrs. A.; "but snip Nine inches off and, with a ruffled Slip-"I never like them Short," said Mrs. B., "Short Evening Dresses are a Thing with me." Quoth Mr. B.: "The sleeved and Collared sort Can hardly Count as Evening, if they're Short: To the untutored Eye, for right or wrong, They are but Afternoon ones, rather Long." " Precisely," answered Mrs. A. " My view Is that we Greet the Time with something New. I see, in stiff, rich Folds, a Cocoa skirt Teamed subtly with a casual-seeming Shirt Of Purple Denim. Slash it with a Belt Flippant and young, made out of Underfelt; Clasp round your Neck great lumps of Antique Jade, Hold a long, clinking glass of Lemonade, Lean on a Pillar half-way up a Stair, Let fall your Jaw, do Something to your hair, And you will be a Picture! From, I vow, The two-page Spread that we are Printing now!"

#### Mrs. B. Takes Action

So Mrs. B. went shopping. Sharp at noon She started off, and got back fairly Soon



And found some Cold Potatoes in a cup And, with an air of Suffering, ate them Up. And when her friend inquired "How did it go? Did you buy anything?" she answered "No."

#### The Last Straw

The fatal Day was nearly here, and all Seemed normal; Shoes and Raincoats in the Hall, A lot of Handles missing, and a gap, With Cobwebs in, behind a Bathroom Tap; But, mentally, the Place was in a Roar, For Mrs. A. was busier than Before, "See this," she cried to Mrs. B., "this book, I got it from the office; have a look!" "Six oz. of Butter," Mrs. B. began, "Two oz. of Sifted flour an Ortolan Twelve dozen marinated Oysters five Onions a Bayleaf clove of garlic Chive-She stopped, read on in silence, shook her Head, Gave back the Book to Mrs. A. and said, "I do not think I'd do it very well, When I make Jellied things, they never Jell." "There!" said her friend. "Oh, there you go again! When will the British Housewife use her Brain ? Day in, day out, the same Well-trodden Road, Boiled cabbage, boiled Potato, sausage Toad, Rissole and fishcake, Apricot and Prune; Is there no Variation on the Tune ? But lo! the Magic carpet waits. We'll glide Across the Channel, coming down beside Young Madame X---"

"All right!" said Mrs. B.,
That sore-tried Mind collapsing suddenly,
"I've had enough of Party Hints! I'm Through!
Now, let me tell you what I'm Going to do!

The Flat will be the same as what it's Been, All it'll be that's Different will be Clean, Very, and Tidy. I shall have my Hair The same as usual. I shall mend the Tear, Yes! And," cried Mrs. B., now breaking Out Into a quite Excruciating Shout, "I'll put the Roses in a Honey-jar! The Tablecloths are staying as they are! That darn across the Middle, it'll show! I'll put a Plate on, but it's sure to go!





Some of the Things that we shall have to Eat Are Sandwiches containing Luncheon-meat, And rubber Sausage-rolls, and Mouse-trap cheese, And Bloater paste, and Shape, and processed Peas And Semolina! Yes, and I'll forget The Olive-oil, and serve the salad Wet! While opening the only Coffee Tin Over the bowl of Soup, I'll drop it in, And when the Party's finished, I shall find The Sofa's got the Raincoats down behind!

### The Happy Ending

A Ghastly Prophecy! And Fortune willed That every word of it should be Fulfilled. And all the Guests enjoyed themselves like Mad At the best Party that they'd ever Had; They broke another Handle off a door And Danced, and Sang, and wouldn't go till Four!

"I raise my Mug," said Mr. B., "to one Without whose Help we Never could have done; Really, my dear, 'tis not too much to say A Party's nought without its Mrs. A.!"

And at these words the placid Mrs. B. Brooded a Space, and answered "I agree."

ANDE



' Decorations?"

# and a

# ARMS AND THE MAN GUILLIM

WHEN engaged in military activities some years ago, the people of these islands were wont to wear certain red and blue triangles. or a vellow animal, or a small blue horse. These were agreeably heraldic, in a modern way, but they were only little pictures sewn unobtrusively to the sleeve, and it must sometimes have occurred to their wearers that at another epoch they might have worn, say, an entire surcoat argent and gules per bend embattled, with a shield to match. Something of the pomp of chivalry. it had to be admitted, had been lost in the intervening centuries.

The College of Heralds does its best to keep the flame of armigerous enthusiasm burning brightly. The science of heraldry is by no means dead, and when an Occasion such as the present arises we can still put on a brave show; Todger's can still do it when it chooses, But in one respect at least, in that of literature, we seem to have lost the knack of making the most of our Arms. Books are still written on the subject, but they tend to be somewhat academic and limited in their appeal to the general reader. Far otherwise was it in the days of the learned Mr. Guillim (late Pursuivant at Arms) who, besides being keenly alive to the resounding nature of his subject, was also ready with additional flourishes in the form of the instructive or improving aside.

For example: "Thunder", he says, "is an inflamed exhalation, which by his powerful force breaketh thorow the Clouds violently, with great noife and terror." It is supposed (he is not didactic) to be engendered "when either a hot or dry vapour is enclosed in a cold and moist Cloud, and being unable to contain it self therein, by reason of the contrariety, it laboureth by all means to find a vent, and striving by all means to get passage, it maketh way with great vehemence and horror of found."

Surely this is a worthier tribute than the Concise O.E.D.'s niggardly: "Thunder, n., & v.i. & t. Loud noise following a flash of lightning and due to discharge of electricity through the air."

John Guillim wrote three hundred years ago, and it is remarkable how much assorted information, salted with snippets of philosophy, he managed to insert into his Display of Heraldry (R. Blome, London, fifth and enlarged edition, 1679). He was, perhaps, particularly happy in describing these phenomena of nature. The Rainbow, for example, "is a diverfe coloured Arch or Bow, formed in a hollow, thin and unequal Cloud, by the reflection of the beams of the Sun. . . . The natural colours of the Rainbow (according to Scribonius) are Red, Green, Blew, and Yellow."

If Scribonius had had a spectroscope, Guillim would have gained Orange, Indigo and Violet; but we, on the other hand, should be the poorer by a hollow celestial smokering. And in any case Guillim was writing about Heraldry, not meteorology. He did not pretend, in the fashion of some modern writers, to a profound knowledge of subjects other than his own, and we may infer from his words that his observations were strained through the sieve of common sense. "For as Gamefters make but cold fport, when there is no money at flake; so knowledge doth oftentime faint if it be not feafoned with the fall of reafon."

He certainly tries to follow this precept when, in writing of the arms of the family of Vaughan (Sable, a Cheveron between 3 Childrens heads, couped at the fhoulders, Argent, their Peruques, Or, enwrapped about the necks with as many Snakes, proper), he says: "It hath been reported (how truly I can-





not fay) that fome one of the Ancestors of this Family was born with a Snake about his neck; a matter not impossible, but yet very unprobable: Ideo quære."

It must not be thought, however, that Guillim was given to prolixity. As befits a leading authority on an exact science, he could be as concise as the *Concise O.E.D.* itself, or more so; as when stating that:

 $\begin{tabular}{ll} ``The heavenly Spheres & Unmoveable \\ or Globes, are & Moveable." \end{tabular}$ 

"Black is a colour contrary to white."

Such straightforward talk is well suited to a treatise on things

like Barr Nebule, of eight pieces, Topaz and Diamond, or Jupiters Thurderbolt in Pale, Or, inflamed at both ends, fhafted Saltire-wife, and winged fefs-ways, Argent.

The sustained writing of such musical phrases might be expected to give rise to musical thoughts, and a sentiment such as the following should therefore cause no surprise:

"How behooful the knowledge of the vertues and operations of Trees, Plants, Herbs, and other Vegetables are, for the extolling and manifefting the Omnipotency, Wifdom, Mercy, loving favour and fatherly providence of our most gracious God towards finful man is." The syntax admittedly is eccentric, but surely may be overlooked in a sentence beginning with so engaging a word as "behooful".

If the good Mr. Guillim may be thought to have fallen below the occasion in any respect, it is in having introduced his celebrated work merely with a modest and scholarly Preface to the Reader. Not so his publisher, the aforesaid Mr. Blome, who saw fit to crown it with a terrific dedication of his own "To The most August Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.", thus:

" Dread Sovereign,

"There is a Firmament of Stars, that fhine not without your Benign Beam, you are the Sun of our Hemisphere that fets a splendour on the Nobility: For as they are Jewels and Ornaments to your Crown, fo they derive their luftre and value from thence: From your Breaft, as from a Fountain, the young Plants of Honour are cherifut and nurft up. Your vertuous Atchievements are their Warrant and Example, and your Bounty the Guerdon of their Merit. And as all the Roman Emperors after Julius Cæfar, were desirous to be called Imperatores & Cæfares, from him: fo fhall all fucceeding Princes in this our Albion (in emulation of your Vertues) be ambitious to bear your name to Eternity.

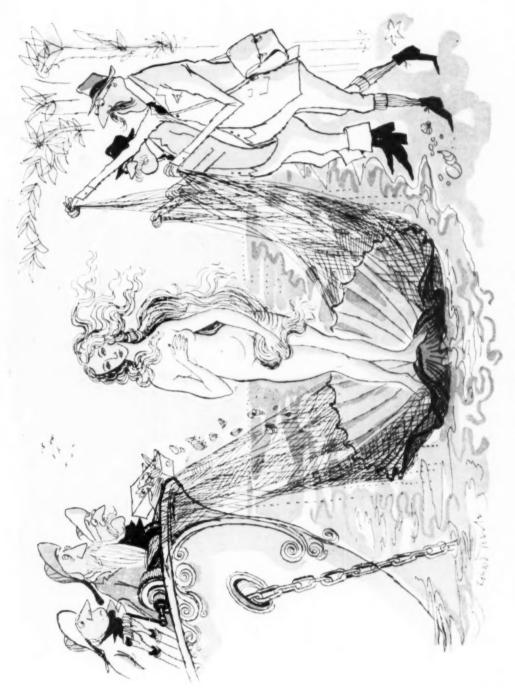
"Deign then (Great Sir) a gracious Reflex upon, and Acceptation of this Difplay of Heraldry, which though in it felf is excellent, yet thus illustrated by your Name, will admit of no comparison, but render to the Publisher a share of Honour, in that he is permitted into your Presence: Being

In all humility,
Your Majesties most
submissive and obedient
Subject and Servant,
RICHARD BLOME."

To some modern ears these respectful words may sound like a winged and shafted thunderbolt, inflamed at both ends, proper, but no doubt they were behooful to Mr. Blome.







RISING TO THE OCCASION

The Conchological Society of Great Britain and Ireland makes a record band

# The adject

# Glorinshire Ames

CORONATION

NUMBER

GREAT WORMING

CORONATION ISSUE

IHE INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER READ AVIDLY IN GREAT WORMING. FIDDLEMARSH, BLOW, COLWICK, SLAUGHTERHAM, MESH, PENNYFARTHIN-GALE, FUDDLEFIELD, TOOK HILL, CARROT, WEST COWHEEL, SKULKING, QUINCE COMMON, THREE POTS, TUSSOCKS, LITTLE TWITTEN, GLUECROSS AND THE COUNTY OF GLOAMSHIRE GENERALLY, ALSO IN EUROPE.

This Week Only! In Full Colour!!

## PALACE!

ate Drumhead Cabbage Plants, 15s. per 1000.

# West-Gloamshire Times "WORMING REGIS?"

ROYALTY AND GT. WORMING

# INTRIGUING SUGGESTION BY COUNCILLOR BUCKETT AT OLD PEOPLE'S CORONATION "JAMBOREE"

"It is not the greatness of the cause,

Thinking Point

Tel: Great Worming 122

but the cause." -(Old Dutch).

WITHOUT DOUBT THE "HIGH SPOT" of the very successful Great Worming Old People's Coronation Tea and Entertainment was the address by Cr. Tom Buckett in which he suggested that Great Worming was second to none in its share of ancient

ROYAL PATRONAGE

father) had stood in Maggot Lane with his father, who (Cr. Buckett's father's father) had told him (Cr. Buckett's father) that his son (Cr. Buckett's father's son, i.e., Cr. Buckett would be able to tell his children that he had seen the Prince Regent pass through the town on the way to London. | in the past. He himself could recall a story told by his father of how he (Cr. Buckett's

George III.) "I do not recollect the incident myself," said Cr. Buckett humorously,
as I was not born and the time." (Laughfor) "I am not as old as all theur moment, it seems quite credulous to me that in olden times our town, of which we are am not as old as all that ... "But, to be serious for justly proud, has had (Laughter.)

remaining unaware of great things afoot at this juncture, and Gloamshiremen and Gloamshirewomen, albeit that they are

famed for their traditional phlegm, can

nevertheless "take their back hair down

Such can be witnessed in the

with the rest.

wealth of gala activities now exercising such bodies as those of the Pennyfarthingale

THERE CAN be but few of our readers

the Throne

Great Worming and

OCCASION

A ROYAL

as its honoured guest, and has perhaps as much right to have 'Regis' tacked on to it as certain places so dubbed in adjacent counties." Somehow (Cr. Buckett con-tinued) Gloamshire tended to "sit back." A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD



A HAPPY COUPLE AT THE GT. WORMING OLD PEOPLE'S CORONATION TEA

Grand Coronation offer.

Slipe, The Old Police Station, Gluecross. (Advt.) WE'RE GLAD BECAUSE
WE'RE glad because we're English,
Not Dannish, French or Dutch,
Nor Swedish, Belgium, Pole or far Chinese;
To some, just being English
Alay not seem very much,
But who regards the ideas of such as these?
Wherever it old flag is flying
And Englishmen are there,
All floreigners fall underneath their spell;
All selling and in busing and in busing
The Englishman "plays fair."
Especially if he's a Gloamshireman
Especially if he's a Gloamshireman KATHLEEN O'TOOLE (age 12)

## うううううううう GLOAMKINS' CORNER

est Gloamkin Club Member's birthday on Thursday, he is little Donald Flay of Pennywild twigs, I am sending them on to poor little boys and girls who have not got any. Last week's Best Painting entries were quite good, first prize P. Tutt. This week's nicest face is Deborah Clutch, 8, and a Are any of your friends not If so, tell me, it will not be and sisters for sending me all those lovely "sneaking." Is not the Coronation fun?

Love from AUNTIE EFFIE. DEAR GLOAMKINS! It is our young-A lovely birthday Donald, and please thank your brothers farthingale and he is 3. Gloamkins? I sneaking." Is Gloamkin.

> Young Farmers (Flannel Dance, 2s. single, 3s. 6d. double from Mr. H. Nurfidge, "The Stag.") and the Tussocks Junior Liberal-Unionists holding their "Brain またない ないかい かんかん かんかん かんない

ORDER OF OUR PROCESSION ORDER OF OUR

500 HAGGOT LAW

TIME THREE POTS

gett, with decorated draw. (Mesdannes Danfrow, Danfrow, Danfrow, Danfrow, Colwick Accordion Guides Band (un-fed Cobe Fifes.

Worming Young Far.
Shaghtenham United Fifes, Fifes, Commerce In Ranghelm United Fifes, Fifes, Commerce In Band Shade, Shaghtenham United Fifes, Fifes, Commerce In Bands Shade, Commerce In Bands Shade, Commerce In Bands Shade, Commerce Fifes, In Stay Holis Language, Commerce In Bands Commerce Fifes, In Stay Holis Language, Commerce Fifes, Comme

".Old Fred" Dras. Twitten Brewerv.

Trust "Cr. Tom Buckett, Questionmaster, and needless to add, Women's Institutes everywhere, to invest our loved county with every evidence of carnival and interest. The Slaughtenham Coronation Project Committee are pressing forward apace with plans for a Litter Basket at Slaughtenham Five Ways, while the new West Cowheel Bolichhouse renovation scheme is well worthy of this Coronationtide. Go to it, Gloanshire! Let the people snig!

## COUNCIL SPLIT?

all details). At the same time, we cannot afford such a rift in the flute of civic affairs as bodes to materialize between Cr. Dring, pressing for the bussion of the heiddies agfety, and Cr. Buckett, who favours the status quo. exercise the Great Worming U.D.C. at their meetings, among which the moving of the bus-stop from the bottom of the Girdle attracts reportage on another page of this issue of the Times. On the one hand we must applaud that so secondary a concern should earn the distinction of a Chamber debate when public minds are more turned Voluntary Redecorating Scheme (Cr. Chil-MANY ARE THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE INNUMERABLE MATTERS which ling, of Great Worming Wallpaper Supplies, and. Drill Throne occurrences the praiseworthy towards example

## CONSTANT MELANGE

Cr. Dring's cause is perhaps impregnated somewhat by the fact that he resides perconstant melange of ice-cream cartons, chip packets and other flotsam discarded by un-Cr. Dring in his campaign to move the bus-stop, Cr. Buckett perhaps overlooks the Buckett's suggestion of pulling down Cr. Dring's house and widen-ing the road shows that in his heart he The world to-day is in a sorry state enough without the addition of sabresonally on the Girdle bend, and has not forborne to state that his front garden is a heartedly borne away on yet a further stage But in maintaining that this private acrimony is alone in motivating peril to little ones darting out. This is very Let us hope for a truce upon the rattling among leading Wormingians. being pns-dnenes when of their journey. And Cr. thinking point. real.

D. CLUTCH ROCESSION MEADOW NOGNO DRINGS DRINGS RESIDENCE CAPLE POUNCILLOR BUCKETT TAKES SALUTE 9000 TANSSLEWAY SPLK HUBLEY LANE 1 PENNYFARTH TWELVE- ACRE PROCESSION ASSEMBLES 2.30

He would not refer to Great Worming cricket team being all out for 9 against the Grammar School on a recent occasion, because that could happen in the best regulated families, but he did feel that Gloamshire in general and Great Worming in particular—especially since the mooted extension to the waterworks—should not demean its own achievements.

TEAS WERE SERVED

by Mesdames Cramp, Dench, Winterlamp and Buckett. An enjoyable demonstration of handbell ringing, including the very fitting." Band of Hope and Glory." was rendered by Mr. H. A. ("Scoop") Skinner, a welknown journalist newly residing in the area, and winners of games and competitions included E. Stugley (hoop-la), T. Stugley (balloons), H. Dench (over-80s 100 yds.) and T. Buckett (lucky draw). The entertainment was amply provided by the 1st Tiddlemarsh Girl Guides under Brown Owl Mrs. Trapper, with a fine. "Coronation Set-piece." featuring Mrs. Trapper as the famed "Good Queen Beth." (H. A. S.)

# SKULKING BRIDEGROOM

4

FRED RUSTLY WED



MR. FRED RUSTLY, POPULAR M.C. at many Skulking functions and dances, was one of the certral figures in a pretty fruit set and bread bin from the Skulking Social Club. Miss Greta Blange. Wedding at Skulking when he took as his charming bride. Among the many wedding presents received were a wedding at Skulking. In charge of stalls were Mesdames Bolney. Cowfold, Warninglid, Dench and Furtive, a pale blue taffeta secretaire bookease and a quantity of fruit-botting equipment. The honeymoon was to have been spent in pending Coronation arrangements alternative accommodation was secured at the fluecross Arms.

# FAMED NEWSPAPER-MAN AND CHICKEN-SEXER FOR "WEST-GLOAMSHIRE TIMES"

MR. "SCOOP" SKINNER

A HAND HAS BEEN TAKEN in this issue of the West-Gloamshire Times by a notable recruit to our reporting staff, Mr. H. A. ("Scoop ") Skinner. His advent is especially apt insomuch as he was London correspondent of our contemporary, the Much Wrangling Argus, at the time of the Coronation of King Edward VII.

and is therefore admirably fitted to capture the Coronation atmosphere this year for Times readers. In addition
to, and above and beyond, his gifts as a journalist. "Iayout" iman and circulation manager, Mr. Skinner promises
tout "in asset to Great Worming social life, his many
accomplishments embodying handbell-ringing, fortunetelling, watch-repairing, raffia-work and chick-sexing,
and a qualified instructor in all flees on application to
W-G.T. offices). We are indeed fortunate to secure his
services at this period of rational rejoicing. (H. A. S.)

# TREE MISSED CAT

SCOOP " SKINNER

A BLACK AND WHITE cat with a white tip to his tail, the property of the Misses Wice, well-known Turnip Cheetham Misses Wice, well-known Turnip Cheetham Friddy afternoon when a tree on adjacent property was felled. Had the tree fallen in his was selled. The was sheer Coronation luck." Said Miss P. Wice. "We are sending a small donation to the Turnip Cheetham Coronation Bus-shelter Committee."

# YOUR FEET YOUR FORTUNE!

Boothroyd's Coronation Corn-pads bring foot ease in all walks of life. Never be without a box, 9d., 1s. 3d. (Adv.)

## RUSSIA EXPLODES A FURTHER ATOM BOMB

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

Russia is reported to have exploded a further atomic boob.



"THEY SAID THE QUEEN WAS COMING, AND GRACIOUS, SHE'S HERE!"





#### RED, WHITE AND BLUE

"THIS Union Jack, now. Which way up, d'you know?"

Mr. Pollard our grocer draped the flag against his stomach and looked questioningly over the top of his glasses. These had pale green wool wrapped round and round the nose-piece, which made him look as though he was balancing a caterpillar between the lenses.

"Knew once," he told me. All Mr. Pollard's speeches are jerked out in short, sharp bursts. "Cubs and that. Some business about St. Andrew. All the others on top. Don't help much, though." He stepped over a tower of biscuit-tins and spread the flag on the counter.

"Jim!" he shouted through an inner door. "Drape this natural-like over the back board of the window. Right way up, mind. Don't want any less majesty in this shop."

He turned to me.

" Anything I can get you ? "

"Fish paste, Anchovy," I said. Mr. Pollard's staccato style is catching. "Or crab."

He ambled off in an abstracted way, but stopped suddenly. His eyes were screwed up behind the upturned lenses. He pointed to the top shelf.

"See them salmons?"

I said I did.

" Red, would you say ? Scarlet, eh?"

"Crimson, really. It's too rosy to be called a true red."

"Tchah!" fizzed Mr. Pollard with exasperation.

"Plenty red enough for redwhite-and-blue, ain't it?" he growled. "Got enough blue to deck the whole shop out. Soda. Biscuit-tins. Sugar-bags. Pills for



Jan .

the stummer-cake. Dolly-bags, But next to no red. It's a headache, I can tell you. Take a look."

He was right. Yellow tins, green tins, spotted tins, purple packets, orange packets, tartan packets—all elbowed each other round the shelves, but there was no red.

"'Nother thing. All this confounded writing on them. You'd think the makers'd have more sense. Messing up good clear colours like that, Coronation times. Must know we want to use them for window-dressing."

He looked aggrieved. The green caterpillar slipped askew.

"What's the matter with crêpe paper?" I asked.

"Can't eat it," he replied shortly. "Want to show our stock and make a tribute. Practical, see, and loval."

He began to toss tins of peas contemptuously into a large box.

"Fat lot of good. Green, I ask you! Might as well live in Ireland and have done with it."

His eye lit on a shelf at knee level.

"Might be some cocoa-tins down here. They're red."

His pink hands dug away rapidly like moles' paws.

"Gorn!" he said, stopping abruptly. His eyes continued to search the shop for a fine flare of scarlet.

"Got me blue all ready," he said. He flicked the caterpillar farther up with a fat forefinger. Behind the counter towered a heap of assorted objects in conflicting and hideous shades of blue. He seemed to gain some comfort from the sight.

"That flag ready, Jim? Pile these blue goods up the left there."

"What about the red and white?" bellowed Jim, who was squatting in the window.

"Give us a chance!" shouted back Mr. Pollard, nettled. "Red's coming up as fast as we can find it. Easy enough to talk," he growled to me. "All he's got to do is spread them out tasteful, while I do the donkey work. Artistic picking, and all that."

"What's in that box?" I asked.



" Soup."

"It's got red labels——" I began.

Mr. Pollard was already beavering away and making a trial tower. His face glowed.

"That's it! That's absolutely it!" he crooned. The caterpillar bounded gaily up and down his nose in sympathy with its eestatic wrinklings.

I looked modestly down mine, and awaited thanks. Mr. Pollard cautiously added a wavering keep to his castle, and sat back triumphantly on his heels.

"Lovely, eh? Good thing I saw that box!"

I raised my eyebrows. Mr. Pollard, however, wasn't looking at them. The soup glowed richly at his feet, and it was upon that that he beamed.

"Fish paste!" I said brutally, breaking through his dreams. "Anchovy or erab."

A look of vexation crept over Mr. Pollard's face. "Never given time to finish one job," he grumbled. "Just see the vision. All in your mind's eye, like. A fitting tribute for a great occasion. Then—bam! Interruption!"

He bumbled reluctantly along his rainbow shelves to the fish-paste section.

"Lobster do ? "

"Anchovy or crab," I said flatly.

He made a great show of shuttling pots along the shelf like stitches on a knitting-needle, muttering in a martyred way to himself. All around us winked the multicoloured tins, packets and jars, and suddenly a wicked thought occurred to me.

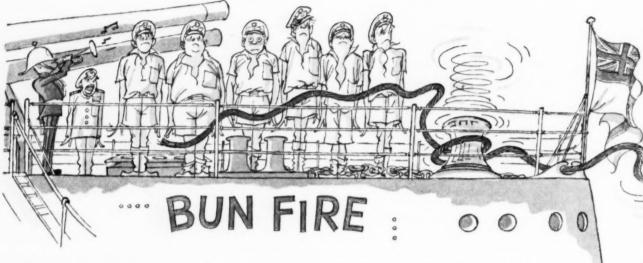
Mr. Pollard returned, wheezing slightly, and put the jar before me with an exhausted air.

"Anything else?" he breathed in a dying whisper.

"What," I asked him," will you use for the white?"

D. J. SAINT





LOT of pomp about to-day," said the Admiral's Secretary. "Couldn't get at my in-basket for admiral's sword-belts all morning. and these things "-he indicated the loops of the golden aiguillettes on his left shoulder-" get caught up with the telephone cord." He was sitting on the club fender in the wardroom ante-room of Her Majesty's cruiser Nonsuch, drinking his after-lunch coffee. "Ceremonial is a terrible thing," he said.

"Governor Generals of vast Southern continents," said his guest, an Australian major, "don't visit little Pommie cruisers every afternoon of the week.'

"Too right, they don't," said the Secretary, who considered himself a qualified interpreter in Australian. "My word! Nevertheless, I have no doubt that the Navy will rise to the occasion, as usual, and that our immaculate Gunnery Officer will parade the Guard and Band with traditional élan and efficiency this afternoon. I am sure, also, that his Gunner will fire off the correct number of gums-"

"Gums?" asked the Australian. "What do you mean, gums ? "

The door opened and the Gunnery Officer pushed his way in. "Guard and band and guard and band and guard," he said, placing a gleaming armful of sword, swordbelt, medals and brand-new cap with brand-new cap-badge on a chair. "Twenty minutes to Hhour. Give me a cigarette.'

The Australian gave him one. "You've put your gear on top of mine," said the Secretary. " When

you leap to your polished feet in nineteen and a half minutes' time you'll rush on deck in my medals and a cap that'll come down over your eyes." The Gunnery Officer put the cigarette neatly behind his ear, disentangled his gear and placed it on the deck. "Ah!" he said, flopping into an arm-chair. "Who would be a Gunnery Officer?"

"I ought to be getting out of the ship now." said the Australian. "But I would please first like to know about these gums."

"Out of the ship!" said the Gunnery Officer. "At this place and time? It would be impossible. You'd never get across the quarter-deck. Everything's frozen still." He felt for his cigarettecase. "An extraneous human being, unprovided for in daily orders, would get shot on sight up there.'

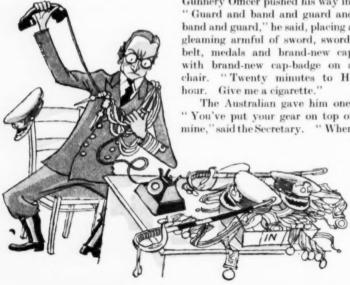
The Secretary refilled coffeecups at the urn. "He's right, you know," he said. "It would be suicide to poke your nose up the hatch just now. Have some more coffee.

"You people take your ceremonial very seriously," said the Australian, accepting his cup.

"No Australian," said the Secretary pontifically, "has ever been known to get properly ceremonial over anything.'

The major set down his coffeecup. "No?" he said.

"No," said the Secretary, with



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the air of a man who was not prepared to argue the matter.

"Secretary," said the major.
"Let me tell you this. When we of the Australian Army are inspected we do things properly.
Take the big camp at Puckapunyal. Do you know the sort of

"I see," said the major. "Thank you."

"A misprint," said the Secretary in oddly mild tones. "There's been an amendment since, as a matter of fact."

The Gunnery Officer glanced at him curiously, and blew a cloud of smoke. "I'm glad to hear it." he said. "How can I be expected to rise to the occasion if Their Lordships don't get their orders right?" He settled deep into his chair. "Not but what," he said reflectively, "and taking a creditably detached view, I don't admire potentates, as a class, more than I admire those who provide them with their allotted pageantry. Always outnumbered and always in the spotlight, they yet manage to come out on top, no matter what



each corresponding to a term of the school year, and she carries, as part of her ship's company, some 150 cadets of the Royal Navy, the navies of the Commonwealth, and often of other navies as well. On the morning of which I speak, seamanship was taking place on the quarter-deck. Seamanship involving cadets may be just seamanship to the cadets, but for everyone else it is high adventure. Six cadets were holding on to a piece of thick steel-wire rope. This rope led aft along the quarter-deck, took a turn or two round the capstan, and passed on over the stern. From its end, just above the water, was suspended the stern anchor. Upon the anchor was perched the Blacksmith's Mate, bashing a recalcitrant shackle with a huge hammer. He was a large man with a black beard. At this moment the Commander-in-Chief, afloat in his barge, began unheralded to approach the ship. The Officer of the Watch had no difficulty whatever in recognizing the barge. Apart from its green paint, sparkling brass fittings and affirmative pennant, there was the unmistakable bow-wave--"

"Unmistakable bow-wave?" said the major. "What do you mean?"

"By custom of the Service," said the Gunnery Officer, "the bow-waves of the barges of Commanders-in-Chief are always composed of equal parts of champagne and asses' milk."

He continued his story: "A single glance thus sufficed the Officer of the Watch. 'Attention on the upper deck,' he yelled, looking round frantically for the drummer. 'Sound the Alert,' he added. The drummer smartly raised his bugle—."

"In the Navy," said the Secretary to the Australian politely, "it



thing we do there when we hear a general's coming to see us?"

" No," said the Secretary.

"We dust the leaves of the trees."

The Gunnery Officer looked interested. "All those perishing Australian gum-leaves?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the major. "And that reminds me," he added, to the Secretary. "What was it you said about gum-fire just now?"

"I was conforming to the Admiralty Fleet Order, recently received, which lays down the number of guns to which various potentates are entitled."

"When I was preparing for to-day's free-for-all," said the Gunnery Officer, "the Secretary very kindly checked for me the number of Woompha's that should be emitted by the saluting-guns of my department. Against the title of your great man in Canberra it said: 19 gums."



happens."

"They're well placed, of course," said the Secretary. "Their lightest word is law."

"Even so," said the Gunnery Officer, "I admire them. Take the alert behaviour, fifteen years ago, of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Windward and Lee ward Islands. In the large harbour of a tropical island the training cruiser lay at anchor. This warship does three cruises a year,



is of course the drummers who blow the bugles."

"-raised his bugle and blew. The six cadets, with disciplined precision, dropped the rope and stood to attention. The rope surged round the capstan, the anchor went to the bottom and the Blacksmith's Mate began his long swim round to the starboard gangway, talking to himself as he swam. From the water he grasped the foot of the gangway just as the Commander-in-Chief, from his barge, stepped on to it. 'Take this something great hammer so I can get out, chum,' said the Blacksmith's Mate to the neat white trousers just above his head. 'If I drop it, they'll charge me for something loss by something neglect."

"The Commander - in - Chief arrived on the quarter-deck to the shrilling of pipes. The Captain, the Commander, the Officer of the Watch and all the quartermaster's staff were by now ranged up in neat rows to receive him. Behind them, round the capstan, seamanship was still taking place, but muted now and somewhat frantic. 'You ought to be more careful of your stores in this ship,' said the Commanderin-Chief, grounding the great wet long-handled hammer carefully on the white deck. 'There it was, floating about in the water.'"

The Gunnery Officer stubbed his cigarette out. "See what I mean?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Secretary.

"Point well made, I think."

"Where were you all this time?" asked the major. "Were you one of the cadets on the rope?"

"No," said the Gunnery Officer. He looked at his watch, stood up and began hurriedly to put on his cap, sword and medals. "I was the leading cadet in charge of the cadets on the rope. That's why I remember it so well." He dusted his gleaming gaiters with his hand-kerchief and made for the door.

"Wait on," said the Australian. The Gunnery Officer stopped short. "In the Army to which I belong," said the Australian, "we not only keep our trees smart, but we never appear on parade with cigarettes, however ceremonial, behind our left ears." The Gunnery Officer raised a startled hand to his ear. "Thank you," he said warmly and dashed out.

The Secretary looked at his watch. Except for the sound of the fans, all was silent with the special silence that obtains between decks when, up above, some ceremony is about to take place. "The first bun is now due." he said.

The Australian major looked irritated. "The first what, did you say?" he asked.

**WOOMPHA!** 

"That was it," said the Secretary. "The first bun. I told you there had been an amendment.

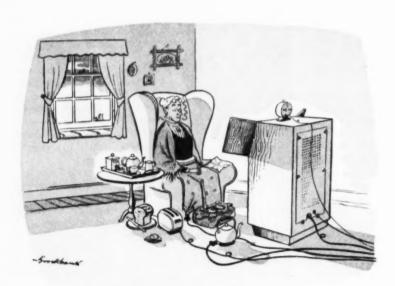
For gums,' their Lordships' latest order says——"

WOOMPHA!

"'-read buns,' " said the Secretary.

" I see," said the Australian.
" Woompha!" said the bun
again.

A. H. Barton







RISING TO THE OCCASION

The Director of Harwell lets off a small firework



#### A HEALTH GOES ROUND

"Here's to Queen Elizabeth; long may she reign!"
As I lift my modest glass, the world spins again;
Round rolls the Commonwealth, I hear the voices say—
"Elizabeth; Elizabeth; crowned Queen to-day."

High on the Caribou Trail 'mid the Douglas and spruce

Lumber Jack says it; Dan with his huskies astir On the ice of Ungava; Joe with his pan and his sluice—

"Bully for her!"

Back from the ultimate ends, where the bell-bird sings

And the rata's aflame on the tree-fern's intricate screen.

Back comes the echo, swift on the Southerly's wings—

"Bless her! The Queen!"

Round rolls the Commonwealth; the Caribbean blue Dances in the sunshine—darkies dancing too; Quashy with his banjo, a dippy-full o' rum, "T'ree cheers for Lizpet"—and let 'em all come.

Great Kenya, his cathedral spires upraising, Stands in the sky above the Mwea's flat And Chief Kitende, from his shamba gazing, Thinks—"She must be like that."





Livingstone dreams beside the Smoke That Thunders:

"A great queen's name all men remember here— Victoria's". And, dreaming on, he wonders: "Comes now perchance her peer?"

Round rolls the Commonwealth, the greatest with the least; Down in Tongatabu it's garlands and a feast; Five hundred sucking-pigs lying tail-to-snout And kaya by the bucket when the food runs out.

The laughing kookaburra mocks
The dingo's wavering cry;
Waltzing Matilda's chorus rocks
The parrots in the sky;
And the Dog Sits on the Tucker-Box
Five Miles From Gundagai.

On Hunter River blooms the vine, The grapes hang on the bough; Ready the glasses stand in line, Down is the sun, and now Let the toast go ninety times and nine— "Elizabeth! And how!"

So—here's to Queen Elizabeth and long may she reign From Sicamous to Suva, from Perth to Port o' Spain O'er longitude and latitude, tropic and degree, Good men and bad men and middling men. And me,

H. B.

### J. C.

#### C-DAY PREPARATIONS AT JAX

THE sandwich-board man nipped in furtively with a scuffling crash.

"Jack, my old cock!" he called. "Oh, up in the riggin' are yer, mate?"

Jack's head appeared between some festoons as though he had just been welcomed to Hawaii. A line of tacks protruded savagely from his mouth. He disappeared and came carefully down the steps.

Half-way down, he suddenly stopped and removed the tacks.

"'Ere, Chalky," he beckoned.

"Old Ma Parfitt. Get a basinful of 'er."

The sandwich-board man edged to the window and peered over the frosted part.

"Same costume on," he nodded.

"Funny," said Jack, "I never only seen 'er in that navy. Honest, real ignorant she is, sometimes. Carry on like that'n we'll be in for it same as we was last Coronation."

"'Er an' that other lady doin' that knees-up," reminisced the sandwich-board man. "On'y just after arpass three it was, too. Now what could it look like?"

Jack came off the step-ladder, dusting his hands.

"Getcher summink?" he asked briskly, shaking the orphans' box absently in passing.

"Just the char," said Chalky.

"Only I've got to be back a bit sharpish. Breakin' the old terms of the old contract, they reckon."

Jack poured a quick aerated cup of tea with a rhythmic up-anddown action.

"You want to've gone to that sports on the recreation ground the other night," said the sandwichboard man. "Thursday, was it?"

"Your youngest in it, then?" asked Jack. "Bein' 'e's in that school."

"Oh yes," said Chalky. "Yer. Istry of Culcher tabloo, 'e was in. Shakespeare, 'e was, Shakespeare. 'E 'ad this sorta bald wig on, mustosh, whiskers. Spoiled it, though."

"Oh," said Jack, "Ferget 'is lines?"

" No," said the sandwich-board

man, "no. Funny, 'e suddenly ups and sloshed one of the kids done up as some Doctor summink—Johnson. 'E tells me arterwards this kid'd said: 'Git aht of it, Big 'Ead.' And well, I mean. Then this other kid's pillow 'e's got strapped-on sort of arrangement come unstuck some'ow, and there was like all feathers all over. 'Course, their teacher created. I couldn't make it out at the time, watchin'. Good as a play, though. See this other kid 'owlin' out. Laugh!"

"Oo," said Jack suddenly, "you see old Smudger in the carnival, Satdy, in that beard 'e 'ad on? In that set-piece on that lorry. Commonwealth an' Empire. Summinka that sort. Some native 'e was. I called out. 'Smudge,' I said. 'Ay-ay, Smudge!' Ignored me. Never even waved 'is boomerang. 'Course, Wal's in trouble.''

"Oh yer?" said the sandwichboard man. "Still on winders?"

"'Asright," nodded Jack.
"Cleanin' Mrs. Jennings' top lot, and got caught up in this banner caper she 'as up. All the stitchin' she'd got tacked on 'e rips off some-'ow—you know old Wal, dead clumsy—front part comes off and the old banner says 'Welcome Home, Morry' underneath, and the bit she tacked on wavin' about 'angin' down. 'Course, made 'er







"I bit my thumb putting the tent up."

look a fool. Oo dear, she done 'er nut. Real niggly. Funny, very next day he come down off of 'is ladder at Mrs. Over-the-road's, all wrapped up in a Union Jack. Laugh. She comes out. 'What you want to be?' she says. 'Buried at sea?' 'Ardly breathe, old Wal couldn't."

The sandwich-board man, torn between the interest of this account and awareness of the time, suddenly leapt up as the door opened.

"Hwoo," he breathed in relief as it turned out to be the plumber. "Only old Arthur. Just putting my poor old plates up a jiff, Arthur mate."

"'Cher, me old Chalky," greeted the plumber. "'Ere, Jack, I dunno what you're doin' here, but old Charlie Woods is showin' everyone up. Just bin puttin' a fountin in 'is front, I have. Fountin. Cor, stone me."

"All right, that," said Jack approvingly. "When 'e 'as it flowin' with wine, C-Day, I'll close up'n we'll 'ave a general flock-round."

"Up West I'll be, personally meself," said the plumber. "And a bit sharpish, too. Last time I remember we 'ad to walk all the way from Emmersmifbroadway. Muriel reckons these seats we got at Felgersquare, you'd be able to see the whole auction. 'Course, gettin' there'n gettin' away after."

"Else and me reckon television," said Jack. "Round Perce's. You know, geezer with the grey-'ound. Big busty bloke. Eyebrows."

"Oh yer," said the sandwichboard man. "That dog. Like all over all spots. Well, more mottled, sort of, if you catch my meaning."

"'Yer,''e says. 'Come round,'
'e says. I says, 'Round your
'ouse?' 'E says, 'Yer. See it
on the old TV; Else an' all.' I says,
'Oh, ta, Perce,' I said. 'Course,
Doreen, goin' with 'er school, she
is. I 'ad to pay up for 'er periscope."

Arthur, who had been staring hard at the sandwich-boards, suddenly asked: "Been where?"

The sandwich-board man put down his cup, and tidied his lips and moustache with little wriggling dabs.

"Ah!" he said. "See 'ow it is? I see this article the other day talkin' about the fast-disappearing sandwich-man. This bloke reckons the old boards're being killed with other sorts of adverts, like you get them pearly gates openin' an' closing at the old cinema and advertisin' lovely smiles with toothpaste and that lark."

"Well, go on," said Arthur.
"'Ave You Been where? Turn
'em round and let's have a butcher's

"I'll put 'em on again and you see," said Chalky, "Very artful."

He heaved and shrugged into the sandwich-boards.

"There you are," he said, presenting his back. "Read all about it. Wassit say? Funny, I never read it."

"To Perkins For Your Souvenirs Mugs Crockery Statuettes and cetera," read out Arthur, with some disappointment. "Still, my old Jack," he went on, cheering up. "Owbout some of them lot? Blimey, all you got's them streamers. Owbout if you was to dish out Coronation mugs all round for the old char? Take 'em away when you've finished; no washin'-up."

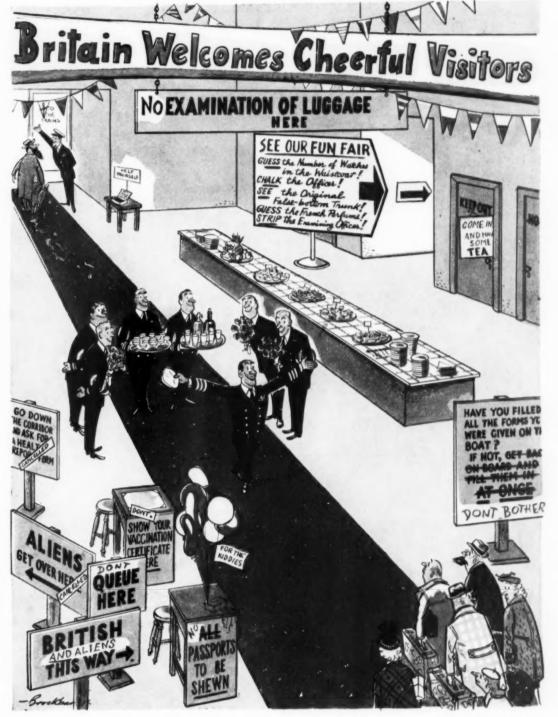
"Oh," said Jack huffily. "And owbout a risin' spiral of prices. Time I got the mugs and filled 'em up still at the usual strength for which this perishin' establishment is perishin' renowned? See you tight-fisted geezers."

"Ah well," said the sandwichboard man, cramming his bowler on to the point where his ears shied away slightly in alarm, "when I get round High Street I'll nip in Charlie Woods's and advise 'im on 'is wine list for that fountin."

Jack nodded his head encouragingly.

"That's right," he said. "Tell
im to switch to stout when old Ma
Parfitt rolls up, and 'e'll be laughin'." ALAN HACKNEY





RISING TO THE OCCASION
H.M. Customs declare a Moratorium





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#### PUNCH AND THE BIG OCCASION

QUEEN VICTORIA, in her impetuous way, was three years too early to have her coronation celebrated by Punch, so that in the paper's hundred and eleven years of life this is only the fourth "Coronation Number". Still, there have been plenty of great royal occasions only a degree or two less momentous—births and weddings and jubilees—to excite the loyal fervour of writers and artists. This seems a propitious time to turn the leaves of old back numbers and see how our fathers and grandfathers greeted these events. And if, in so doing, we cannot resist an occasional glance at other happenings, not strictly royal but undeniably momentous—the Great Exhibition, for instance—the diversion will perhaps be pardoned.

The Great Exhibition was, though I do not find the expression in contemporary issues, a piece of cake for the young *Punch*. For months, indeed years beforehand it had been the subject of countless articles,

drawings, squibs and poems, and the April and May numbers of 1851 worked up a crescendo of Exhibitionism. Punch favoured the venture—as a certain Colonel Sibthorp, who had rashly damned the affair in advance, discovered to his cost. The name of Sibthorp (sometimes thinly disguised as "Our Colonel") appears with distressing frequency in these issues, and always surrounded with such a wealth of irony, such a richness of damaging allusion, that it is quite impossible at this date to make out what the poor man had been up to now. He was not the only enemy. There were

the authorities at St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, whose amiable practice it was to charge twopence for admission, which led *Punch* to accuse the Cathedral of setting itself up as a rival exhibition. The extremity of the paper's wrath, however was reserved for the Executive Council of the Exhibition:

The Executive Council of the Great Exhibition have just done a very snobbish thing, and they had better undo it as fast as possible. They have also been guilty of a little bit of downright dishonesty—we must and will call things by their right names—in selling their Season Tickets on the condition that the holders should be admitted on the 1st of May, and now, at the eleventh hour, advertising that the tickets, paid for on that understanding, are not to be admitted until the best part of the 1st of May is over. The cause of this arrangement is a clumsy piece of fencing, intended to please the QUEEN; but calculated, we should think, to disgust HER MAJESTY most exceedingly.

After some talk of the dismal lot to which this exclusion of the public from the State Opening would condemn the Queen, "leaving her to ramble about the vast building in gloomy state, with a few ginger-bread functionaries at her heels", the article protests, on behalf of Her Majesty, against the invidious position into which she would be thrust:

Those flunkies of the Executive Committee have no right to give a false and unfavourable impression of the feelings of their Royal Mistress by making it appear that it is her wish to have the vast building all to herself during the best portion of the first day.

After this, a less balanced publication might have been disconcerted to discover that it was the Queen herself who had instigated the decision (later revoked) to exclude the public. *Punch* took the trifling misunderstanding in its stride;

#### AN ERROR OF THE PRESS

We are glad to find that our contemporary The Times was in error in attributing to the Executive Committee the proposed exclusion of the public from the opening of the Great Exhibition. It turns out that the mistake—and it would have been a very great mistake to have committed—arose from the annoyance naturally felt by an illustrious personage to be pressed upon by impertinent and vulgar curiosity when appearing in public.

What could be fairer than that? "We hope,"

added Mr. Punch (his vigilance now thoroughly aroused), "the public will behave themselves properly on the 1st of May."

January 1858 saw the marriage of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick - William of Prussia, hailed *inter alia* by an "Epithalamium", which begins

Farewell, young Royal Lady, Ne'er may your life wax shady

but cannot quite maintain that level through its half-dozen stanzas. Then, in March 1863, came the wedding, of much greater significance for us all, of the future King Edward VII and Princess Alexandra of Den-



1887





1897

mark-an opportunity boldly seized by Tenniel to contrast civil war in America, insurrection in Poland, tyranny in Italy, something going on in Prussia which is beyond me (but it involves a headsman's axe) and the auctioning of the throne of Greece, with the peaceful scene in Britain, where nothing more out-of-theway is occurring than the advance of the bridal pair in a kind of wheeled conch drawn by a lion and unicorn, flanked by Britannia and a Viking (mounted) and attended by a gay retinue of maidens, angels, cherubs, an obscure host with banners and (of course) Punch and Toby. The future king is shown in uniform in this tour de force, but by the following week (Tenniel again) he was relaxing by the sea in check trousers, sack coat buttoned high at the neck and flowing open below to reveal a light-coloured single-breasted waistcoat, stiff collar and tie, and a hat that has now gone out of fashion-not a bowler, for it has a button on top and appears to be plaid or check, nor yet a deer-stalker, for its brim curls up all round and there are no ear-flaps. Prince "Bertie", for the benefit of those who like a complete picture, is leaning lightly on a cane and has the thumb of his right hand hooked over the middle button of his waistcoat.

During the next decade or two Punch's main concern with Royalty was to persuade the Queen to emerge from her overlong mourning for Prince Albert and show herself to her people. We shall do well to hurry over this distressing period and see what sort of a fist the paper made at the next really big occasion, the Jubilee of 1887. Centre-piece of the issue of June 25th of that year was a two-page Tenniel cartoon (the nub, or core, of which is reproduced on page 46). Queen Victoria sceptred and throned in a triumphal car surveys a cavalcade of horsemen representing England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, with the addition of India (in a turban) and the Colonies (bearded and rather Boer-like). Behind her on the car stands Britannia, an arm on either side thrown about the winged figures of Peace and Plenty, who in turn clasp her (Britannia, of course) round the waist.

The slightly stooping or crouching posture adopted by this trio of intertwined ladies faintly suggests the front row of a scrum demonstrating the new binding law, but that was not, it is fair to add, the artist's intention. In the background can be descried the banners of Science, Literature, Commerce and Education—an interesting choice. Art is lacking, one notes, and Music. But turn the page and you will find that Linley Sambourne, in a cartoon entitled "Peaceful Triumphs of the Reign", has made ample amends.

The Jubilee Procession itself is well described in an Ode, which sets out from the start to tell the reader what the procession was not:

Not with the ruthless Roman's proud parade
Of flaunting ensigns and of fettered foes,
Nor radiantly arrayed
In pomp of purple, such as fitly flows
From the stern Conqueror's shoulders, comes our Queen,
Whilst England's ways with June's glad garniture are green.

Not with the scent of battle, or the taint
Of cruel carnage round about her car
Making the sick air faint
With the dread breath of devastating war,
Rolls on our Royal Lady, whilst the shout
Of a free people's love compasses her about.

Obviously the arrangements were in good taste. Readers anxious to get some rather more positive information about the procession will find the rest of this Ode on page 312 of the June 25th, 1887, issue.

Ten years later the Editorial staff faced the problem of striking some new note for the Diamond Jubilee, and it had better be admitted at once that Tenniel's cartoon appears, at first glance, to have failed to solve it. There has been some regrouping, of course, the scene now being set in the form of a general salute to the throne. But there again are the four knights, representing the four Home Countries, there are India and the Colonies, there is Britannia, and there too is Peace (mounted, by a bold flight of fancy, on a lion). One looks in vain, however, for Plenty, discovering instead the rather significant figures of Mars and (you can tell him by his built-up boot) Vulcan. Nor are Science, Literature, Commerce and Education, let alone Art and Music, anywhere to be seen. No doubt on the next page . . .

Alas! Linley Sambourne has failed us badly this



1902



time. The next page reveals Britannia still on duty, but now reviewing the fleet; and in the verses that accompany this second cartoon there is a Jingo note that the author of the 1887 Ode would have deplored:

A Queen sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er the broad British sea.
War-ships in hundreds ranged below
To grace our Diamond Jubilee.
Punch counted them, and cried "Hooray!
This sight well crowns a glorious day!"

The Diamond Jubilee Number is a considerable affair of thirty pages—twelve was the normal weekly ration at this time—and has some fascinating "parallel

pictures", showing the changes that had occurred between 1837 and 1897. Points that seem to have struck the late Victorians with particular force are the introduction of the bicycle, the improved circumstances of journalists (Ha!), and the fact that top hats were no longer universally worn at Meets (one or two cads at the '97 Meet are actually smoking cigarettes). But the high-light of the whole Number, to my mind, is the following joke, which I reprint in full:

WEEDS THAT DIMINISH APACE AT A SMOKING CONCERT.— Cigars.

It seems to me to make nonsense of the complaint that modern jokes are obscure.

On to the Twentieth Century and Mr. Punch's first Coronation Number. Tenniel had given up, and now it was Sambourne's turn to tackle the double-

page "ceremonial" cartoon. He filled his canvas. No horses and no Mars; but all the peoples of the Empire were there, acclaiming the new King and Queen in a conventional "indoor" setting. Edward VII, bearded and crowned, cuts a very different figure from the young man Tenniel had drawn by the sea's rim forty years earlier. It was a fine, carefully planned number, this issue of June 25th, 1902, with noble verses by Owen Seaman, and an elaborate" Overflow Fête" full of tremendously sly digs at prominent personalities of the day. The point of most of the allusions is utterly lost to the present-day reader—though some of the names (e.g. Mr. Winston Churchill's) have a familiar ring-but we can still appreciate the delightful drawings by Phil May and Raven-Hill and others. Unfortunately, by the time this special number was on sale, the King had fallen ill, the Coronation was postponed, and all was ashes and bitter rue.

Readers who possess the bound volumes of *Punch* for both 1902 and 1911 will probably agree that "Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment" in the Coronation Number of the latter year owed not a little in conception to the "Overflow Fête" of 1902, but the allusions are easier now, for some of us:

Mr. Garvin, Editor of *The Observer*, will give a selection (the whole is far too long) from his popular Ventriloquial Sketch "The Power behind the Peerage".

I am abreast of that one. And even



THE SUBURBAN LOYALISTS
(Time-2 a.m.)

wife of coronation enthusiast. "Have you got everything? The sandwiches and the tea-flask, and the camera and the field-glasses, and the map of the route, and your mackintosh and umbrella, and my goloshes, and the anti-slumber tabloids and the latchkey?"

CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "Yes, my love; and my tobacco and whisky, and a spare collar, and a hat-pin protector, and a copy of the police regulations."

191

Mr. William Willett, of the Daylight Saving Scheme will sing his strenuous song

" My friend Jones arranged with me

To wake him up at halfpast three "

strikes a chord, if not a resoundingly funny one. But what am I to make of this?—

Mr. Winston Churchill will give his well-known pattersong:

Little Bo-peppered Has lost her shepherd And can't tell where they hide him:

Leave him alone
And he'll come home
With a whisky-bottle inside
him.

Bernard Partridge's cartoon "The Arming of the King" set a new standard of dignity and sincerity in formal "state" cartoons.

The drawing, by Raven-Hill, reproduced on this page was not published in the 1911 Coronation Number but in the weekly issue of a fortnight later (June 21st). It shows that

Coronation-watching in those days called for qualities of endurance and determination no less remarkable than those demanded to-day.

Punch has had other opportunities since 1911 of rising to the great occasion: King George V's Silver Jubilee Number, a huge affair of 64 pages, its main feature the telling of the story of the reign in some thirty reprinted cartoons; the Coronation Number for King George VI, another 64 - pager, resplendent with shiny coloured plates; and now, of course, the present slim volume. But these issues are all too recent for the present writer to try to pick them to pieces. Some other, looking back from the scornful heights of the twenty-first century, may care to shoulder that supremely difficult task.

H. F. Ellis





#### IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH THE FIRST

AT it again.
Who?

Dick of course, and Will.

He's brought the script for that new play of his,
The old Revenge Play with a difference
(Or so he calls it); rather in the mind,
And much less action, till you reach the end.
Can't you just see him strutting round the room,
And posturing and ranting all he knows?
Telling old Dick the way it should be done;
And Dick says "Will, you'll be the death of me,"
Laughing until he bursts. And "Drop all that
'Is the Dane mad, or just pretending it?'
Let the poor cits. feel certain where they are."

I know. And Will says "Drop it and be damned, You'll ruin half the business." And then B., " You seem to think the Globe is yours, old boy, It's mine. And so's the public, mine to serve. I am the Hercules that bears the load. Who made a Richard better than the King? Strangled himself in stays for Romeo, And bore that burden of the ass's head And doubled Cæsar with Mark Antony And had them roaring over Agincourt? You know that all these parts will die with me, It's Burbage, Burbage on St. Crispin's Day And Burbage for the melancholy Jacques And Burbage fatted up for Oldcastle.' And Will says "Well, you can be fat again; You always have the fat, your own and mine, I'll make the Dane fat.'

What about the boys?

There's only two, the mother and the wench,
And just as well, they're hard to get to-day,
What with these children at the Chapel Royal—
He's got a piece in, satirizing them—
I dare say Dick will make the most of it
And have the worst lines altered or cut down;
He likes the good old play inside a play,
And there's a purple passage near the end
Where he starts maundering about a skull
And after that the sword stuff.

Any songs ?
Some of them eat these songs that Will puts in.

Nothing to speak of. Probably the lad Will screech them like a crow. She's off her head, Or so Will tells me, and throws flowers about And dies by drowning. You're to be the fool, And I'm an old man called Polonius, Better than being the prologue, any day.

And Will? No part for Will?

Aye, there's the rub.

Our Roscius tells him Will must be the Ghost.

I wish we could have had a comedy,

Twelfth Night was just my notion of a play,

But Dick prefers these meditative rôles,

And cuts and chops them till poor Will looks green

And says "A hundred more immortal lines

Lost to the world." You sometimes might suppose

The stuff would all be printed in a book,

And pored on by devout posterity.

Rehearse to-morrow.

We shall know more then—
I'll see you at the Mermaid later on. EVOE



#### HIDDEN SPLENDOUR

IT really began more than a year ago, when I got the catalogue from South Wales. It was addressed to a previous occupant of the house, but it is not in my nature to forward such things, even if I had been sure of the address. There were all the usual attractions in the way of clothes and linen, but only one item counted. As a matter of fact, I all but missed it because there was no picture. It said: "Gents' Winceyette Nightshirts (O.S.), Cosy and Comfortable in the Winter Months, in grey or blue, 16/11."

I had always wanted a nightshirt, but never achieved one. I had seen pictures of them and seen them worn in films and on the stage, always with a deliberately comic effect (the absence of a picture in the catalogue was understandable); but I had never had one or known how to come by one. Here was my chance. I did wonder whether, if I started going to bed in Winceyette, I should not finish by taking a teddy bear with me; but that was a risk I had to face.

The decision was amply justified. The thing was superb. It enveloped me but did not entangle me. It had beautifully easy paces. It was warm and cool at the right times and in the right directions. Of course it looked funny when I got up—even the longest dressing-

gown cannot disguise the absence of pyjama trousers—but my social life is limited and my family got used to it. The trouble was spares and, ultimately, replacements.

I only bought the one, and although I had more catalogues and made stealthy inquiries in places where I was not known, I never found another. It had been that rare thing, a genuinely unique offer. This brings me to a month ago. My wife said she could get it copied. Miss Pearson was very discreet, and anyhow she believed they would soon be fashionable again. She had seen a red one in the New Yorker. If I would get the cloth I fancied and surrender the proto-



"Concentrate on getting the front finished—I've let all the windows for the procession."





type for a week or two, they would come rolling off Miss Pearson's assembly-lines in bulk. It would need about three yards, double width, per nightshirt—or say twelve yards for four.

It seemed dead easy, put like that. The main difficulty I did not even see until I got inside the shop, and it was made much worse by the peculiar circumstances of the time. We are simple people in Elderbury, and when we go gay we are very uninhibited about it. And you know what even the soberest shops have been like for months now. The place was a riot of patriotic colour.

Mr. March-old Mr. Marchwas selling scarlet draping to the vounger Miss Mallory in almost unbelievable quantities. I still cannot think where she is going to put it all. His usually rather prim face was transfigured, and he flung yard after yard of the brilliant stuff over his shoulder with the abandon of the less reputable type of oriental dancer. Harry March was conferring in hectic undertones with a dark-faced man I fancy comes from the brick-works. They were fingering over bales of cloth printed with royal and national emblems, and the dark-faced man was making clicking noises with his tongue and noting prices in a little book. The thin girl was on top of a pair of steps wrestling with the stacks of coloured bunting that filled the top shelf. Her rather sallow, expressionless face was thrown into sharp relief by the pair of five-foot Red Ensigns which she held in her teeth and which flowed down over her feet. Perched on her pedestal, her arms immobilized above her head by a temporary balance of forces, she had the air of a statue which. owing to some technical hitch, has been only partially unveiled. As a

whole, the shop looked like a subordinate office of the Great Chamberlain's department nearing the delivery deadline for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

It was the fat girl who threw the ribbon, though I don't for a moment think she meant to. The roll got away from her when she, like her colleague, was ransacking a high shelf. At any rate, I found myself suddenly festooned in patriotic colours; and her efforts and mine to free me were unco-ordinated and made matters worse. That was one reason. I suppose. why old Mr. March misunderstood my intentions from the start: though, in any case, I do not think he would have found it easy to understand them. He was back in the days of the Diamond Jubilee; and, even when Miss Mallory had gone, he went on manipulating the scarlet cloth for the pleasure it obviously gave him.

So we faced each other across the counter, myself splendid but embarrassed, and he with nothing but splendour in his head. And I saw, just as I was going to speak to him, that I could not say what I wanted; nor could I in the confusion think of any other purpose for which I might conceivably want twelve yards, double width, of Winceyette. I took the red, white and blue off my left ear and handed it to the fat girl. I said, "I want some cloth."

In point of fact, I don't think it made much difference what I asked for. Old Mr. March said, "Two shillings a yard," and began to throw the scarlet stuff rhythmically over his shoulder again, until I realized that he was waiting for me to stop him. "Fifteen yards," he said. "Lovely for the front of the house. Sold a tremendous lot of it." I saw the stuff in my mind's

eye, looped gloriously across my white stucco, and gave way. I was not going to be done down by the Miss Mallorys. "You'll want some flags," said Mr. March. He seized a bundle, disentangled the thin girl from it and sent her up the ladder again for more. I would not have the United Nations, and I rejected some of our less colourful allies; but it was like hurting a child, and my own enthusiasm was growing on me.

"I want some cloth," I said after a bit, "double width." I had made up my mind to say, " It's for a child's dressing-gown", but the vision of an O.S. child bundled in twelve yards of double-width Winceyette checked me. Not that it mattered. Old Mr. March had already bounded off to Harry's counter and brought back four different bales. The ground colours were red, blue, white and golden yellow, and they were richly printed with roses, shamrocks and thistles, lions and unicorns, crowns. ciphers and tridents, and miniature axiometric sketches of Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament. Windsor Castle, Westminster Abbey and Balmoral. The stuff, I was glad to find, was not unsoothing to the touch and the width fifty-six inches.

I think I can say that when it comes to decorations we shall be as good as our neighbours. I plan to fly our own flags from both ends of the roof and from the monkeypuzzle, with those of our allies hung from the windows. The scarlet will be as I saw it in that first moment of vision, draped slap across the white stucco of the front. As for my other loyal gesture, it will be splendid but, unless there is a fire or unless Miss Pearson is not so discreet as my wife believes, made in private. P. M. HUBBARD





"Right—now if Pryce-Jones will stop swaying, Macgregor lift his right foot and Robinson Minor get properly passant guardant, we'll try the music with it."

### Mar.

#### TRENCHERMEN OF ENGLAND

Some Observations on Historic Eating in General and Coronation Banquets in Particular

ENRY the Fourth's wedding banquet consisted of sixty-two dishes, divided into three courses of meat followed by three courses of fish, and in its majestic batting order the royal sturgeon went in as low as fifty-nine. What a long, far cry this seems to-day, when to take a second sardine verges on the greedy. And yet the tale of English high eating went on almost undiminished until well into the nineteenth century. Was it such a bad thing?

Take the extraordinary case of the Elizabethans, which has never been in the least satisfactorily explained. This is as much a headache for vegetarians as it is for the new army of scientific eaters who approach the table reciting sad scales of vitamins and calories. The Elizabethans crack every modern theory of diet wide open. Nobody denies that in the arts, fighting, commerce and indeed wherever you care to look they were scratch performers, finding men of genius from a tiny population whenever they were needed. But how does this square with an apparently suicidal consumption of meat and game, so prodigious that only the lives of the fastest animals were safe? With a fantastic lack of kitchen hygiene? With a social contempt for green vegetables? With doctors who mixed herbs and occultism in equal proportions, and grew rich mumbling that fruit caused fevers and butter engendered choler? Or with fly-blown fish that rumbled across England in open carts? Some unorthodox thinkers explain this colossal mystery by saying that the Tudor metabolism was uncloyed by the potato, while others remind us that then even the nursery breakfast table was swamped in potent ale. But the clue is still missing.

It is almost impossible for us to comprehend how much the Elizabethans ate. Immediately on rising they blurred the edges of their in-

satiable appetites with a snack of bread, herrings, beef, cheese and ale. By midday this was no more than a dim memory, and then beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison, "great byrdes and small byrdes", stews, pies and puddings of heroic consistency began to disappear. By five or six o'clock they were ravenous again. Now enormous roasts faded away, rammed home with loaves and hunks of cheese. And all this time ale and wine came in vast jugs, which was understandable seeing that salt did the work of the refrigerator. You may well ask how, in so tight a schedule, the Elizabethans found time to write Hamlet and defeat the Armada: but that is another matter.

This is not the only mystery in the strange story of English food. Another, equally perplexing, is the absence of a traditional soup. Most countries that take themselves at all seriously have a soup bracketed in importance with the national anthem, and in France, for instance, each region has its own soup as well, the proud centrepiece of all its creative art. But if you discount the resurgence of yesterday's gravy given shock

treatment with a kettle, soup may be said to have flowed by us. The Continental theory that so notoriously hungry a race may have regarded it as an unnecessary obstacle to eating cannot be altogether ignored.

There are many other such subsidiary mysteries, as why England should have closed its mouth to the bittern and the porpoise, after these had won an honoured place on the menu, and why it should never have opened it to guests as welcome in the French kitchen as the snail and the frog.

The effect on our national character of such aberrations has never been properly explored. How dramatically civilization is balanced on the knife-edge of diet cannot be more happily illustrated than by the English decision to drink tea instead of coffee, a preference which has divided us from the Continent by a gulf far wider than the Channel. This question of what we might have been, with different stuff in the larder, is full of fascinating surmise. More than once we have been on the very brink of a departure that would have changed the whole pattern of our lives. For







"The flags are out solely for the Coronation, I presume?"

example, in the year in which Romeo and Juliet is thought to have been finished a man of enterprise named Sir Hugh Platt announced an invention that was obviously macaroni, fashioned in hollow pipes claimed to keep for three years. Drake took some with him on what was, perhaps significantly, his last voyage. At this crossroads in our development a mere quirk of taste held us faithful to roasts and puddings; but we have only to remember that English wine was produced in quantity until the dissolution of the monasteries, and that garlie was still a powerful

factor in English cooking, to realize how very close we came to something like a Mediterranean destiny.

Less fundamental but rather more spectacular, Admiral Belcher's method of preserving meat in treacle would also have had a radical effect on our habits. On his Arctic expedition of 1852 his treacle-barrels worked so beautifully that the public's subsequent indifference to them is surprising. Perhaps the greatest abyss over which we dug in our toes, however, was the sinister attempt made in the nineteenth century to foist horsemeat on us under the preposterous

label of "Chevaline". Even in this disguise it failed, in spite of Banquets Hippophagiques, at which Baron of Horse and Boiled Withers were among the attractions. The deep-rooted taboo which forbids the English to eat any animal they might have known socially undoubtedly saved us from a dietetic swerve leading right out into the unknown.

Foreigners have always jeered at us for our cruelty to vegetables, and naturally they have held their sides over the Christmas pudding-" mélange indigeste et bizarre plutôt qu'une préparation savante et salubre"; but they have laughed at us specially, until a very short time ago, for being the fattest people in Europe. Difficult as this may be to imagine now, here is the salient fact in our gastronomic history; during a string of important centuries we were the world's champion eaters. As we are never likely to be that again, it is rather warming to recall how valiantly we set to, and if we look back through the files we find ourselves at the very peak of our form, tireless and almost infinitely elastic, at Coronation banquets.

That of Henry the Fourth was a square meal by any reasonable standards. In addition to several "mystery dishes", which cannot have been popular when poisoning was a fine art, the first course consisted of boar's head, swans, capons, pheasants, herons, sturgeons, and a piece of symbolical nonsense in pastry or sugar candy, known as a subtlety. At this stage not a single ducal belt had been let out, and with the appearance of the second course benches were drawn in eagerly, the better to attack venison in frumenty, jelly, young pigs stuffed, peacocks, cranes, venison pasty, tongue, bittern, "fowls gilded", large tarts, ham and another subtlety. Apoplexy still held its hand, to watch the House of Lancaster make short work of a final service consisting of quinces in confection, young eagles, curlews, partridges, pigeons, quails, snipe, small birds, rabbits, white brawn sliced, eggs in jelly, fritters, sweetmeats, eggs and yet a further subtlety. Altogether it was quite a

S. C.

party, and so that the public could join at least in the liquid fun nine fountains continually flowing with red and white wine were set up in the streets, as well as another in the Palace court.

Style was a little cramped when a coronation fell in Lent, as happened to Katharine, Henry the Fifth's wife. But being a Frenchwoman she fortunately liked fish; and carp, turbot, tench, perch, "porpies rostyd" and "mennys fried" were sufficient to sustain life. The chief subtlety on this occasion was a "pellycan, sytting on her nest with her byrdes, and an image of St. Katherine holdyng a book and dysputynge with the doctours."

There was probably more reason to dispute with the doctors after Henry the Eighth's Coronation feast, a slap-up five-star affair which came as the climax of a magnificent progress through London, with all sorts of jousts and tourneys. Not too proud to take a hint from the earlier Henry, the King arranged for a fountain in the Palace precincts, and "out of the mouths of certain beasts or gargels did run red, white and claret wine".

Characteristically, Charles the Second was the only English sovereign to find his own Coronation banquet so insupportable that he got up and walked out. Bad staff work in the kitchen had led to a feverish muddle in the service, which was further interrupted by endless processions and court ceremonials. The straw that broke the royal patience was the priviledged presentation of a mess of pottage by a Mr. Thomas Leigh; and at the end of the second course, when not more than forty dishes could possibly have been demolished, the King called for water, washed his hands of all traces of Mr. Leigh, and went off in his barge to Whitehall, leaving a lot of pink faces behind him.

But the Coronation banquet to end all Coronation banquets, as in fact it did, was that of George the Fourth. Full details of the amazing affair will be found in Parliament, Past and Present, by Arnold Wright and Philip Smith. Here we

can do no more than sketch a rough outline. After a pretty grim day, in which the Queen had been locked out of the Abbey and a squad of eminent prize-fighters had failed to keep order among the congregation, the flower of British rank and beauty flocked to Westminster Hall for what was beyond all doubt the biggest binge in our rude island story. The start was far from happy. Two thousand large candles, the sole lighting in the Hall, generated such a deadly heat that within five minutes ladies' hair was plastered down their foreheads, and boiling wax dripped down the guests' necks. But even this was no excuse for the behaviour before the appearance of the King, a dash being made for the loaded tables by the first arrivals, who helped themselves liberally. Throughout the subsequent disturbances the City aldermen, who had led the raid. continued to eat as if starving. Still, there was enough for all, witness the following list of quantities provided for the 341 diners:

Beef, 7742 lb. Veal, 7133 lb. Mutton, 2474 lb. House lamb, 20 quarters Saddles of lamb, 5 Grass lamb, 55 quarters Lambs' sweetbreads, 160 Cows' heels, 389 Calves' feet, 400 Suet, 250 lb. Butter, 912 lb. Lard, 550 lb. Geese, 160 Pullets and capons, 720 Chickens, 1610 Fowls for stock, 520 Bacon, 1730 lb. Eggs, 8400

This monumental repast left its victims surprisingly lively and agile. The moment the King retired pandemonium broke loose, and in a wild scramble for souvenirs the gold forks disappeared quickly into reticules and pockets. After all the portable pieces of plate (such as the 480 sauceboats) had been swiped, the distinguished guests, who must already in the course of nature have been bulging considerably, took on grotesque and unusual shapes from the greasy dishes jammed under their full Court dress. At this point the first signs of fatigue began to show. and all the bottles which had till then survived the unquenchable thirst of the period were accordingly emptied. More being called for, these so far restored the company that it found the strength to set about breaking up the heavier table ornaments. At last, when there was nothing left to smash, all present were so exhausted that they dropped in their tracks, most of them to the floor, and fell sound asleep, to be manhandled to their carriages in a cascade of cutlery as late as three o'clock in the morning.

This, understandably, was the last of the great Coronation Banquets. Eric Keown







#### THE COLLEGE OF ARMS



NGLAND'S Earl Marshal, of the ducal lines of Mowbray and Howard, ceremoniously governs her Kings of Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants: the visible symbols of the Queen's majesty.

#### THE KINGS OF ARMS

ord Lyon's jurisdiction starts where ends
Norroy and Ulster's. His title proud doth spring
from the Lion Rampant of Scotland (quartered on
his Royal Arms by the first Stuart king).

n ancient times the Ulster King of Arms
was instituted, in the troubled year
ere that poor lady who was almost queen
knelt to the axe—and History shed a tear.

enith of medieval colour and pomp, the fifteenth century for a collar set the Heralds' College—with Garter King of Arms as captain jewel of the carcanet.

stately compliment of chivalry
breathes from this title, given long ago
by the Black Prince's brother, Lionel,
in his wife's honour, of Clare to Clarenceux.

ack to the year when Edward sailed for Sluys, with streamers waving and store of ladies bent on following in his train to watch the fight, Norroy and Ulster traces his descent.

#### THE HERALDS

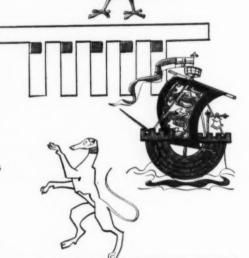
ach town a rose, the one beside the Swale, the other Richmond by the sheen of Thames, both suit this Herald well, recalling him in whom two warring Roses joined their stems.

hose old wars sleep. But still their memory alike mind and imagination haunt. Stirred by Lancaster Herald's very name a far-off echo murmurs: John o' Gaunt.

eraldic Chester! Far back in the past
Rome dubbed you Deva when she breached our coasts.
Look upon Chester Herald, mark him well:
behind him stand the XXth Legion's ghosts!















lizabeth's especial Herald bears the title of her House; both old and new: Windsor, the fountain-head of chivalry, cradle of Royalty, and its casket too.

ames of great nobles clash together in Somerset Herald's styling. It is said that quarrelling in a garden Warwick plucked for emblem a white bloom—Somerset, a red.

erfalcon of the North, the House of York stooped on the Crown, its quarry, missed—but rose to mate with its red rival. York Herald brings to mind that turbulent story's fitting close.

#### THE PURSUIVANTS

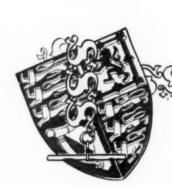
ast the Pursuivants—once the followers,
but now a greater dignity is theirs;
Rouge Croix goes back to the Crusaders' times:
the Patron Saint of England's style he bears.

rthur and all his fabled knights were in
their minds who early loved such ancient tales:
wherefore Rouge Dragon for an emblem takes,
through Henry Tudor, the Red Dragon of Wales.

ext comes Bluemantle;
Crecy's in his glance:
he took his title when Plantagenet
assumed the azure coat of conquered France.

raw all together, now, and knot the threads,
Portcullis, of this rich embroidery
of Kings of Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants—
the visible symbols of the Queen's majesty.
R. C. SCRIVEN











"Don't worry, dear—he'll take it off when the Queen passes."

#### NURSERIES UNEASY OVER C-DAY PLANS

T HERE was some pretty plain speaking on the subject of the Coronationatan extraordinary meeting of the Pudding-Refusers and Nannie-Baiters' Union held recently in the Park. And some of us who are not actually prambound must have been left with a feeling of frustration if not downright alarm.

Those who could express themselves coherently stated that while they had no objection to coronations as such-indeed, a properly run coronation, one member went to the length of saving, with people falling off horses and tinned pineapple for dinner, would make a welcome break in nursery routinenevertheless, the managements, i.e. parents, were going to absurd extremes which could only result in general embarrassment and the ruin of whatever enjoyment sensible people might obtain from the Occasion.

It was instanced by a member

—firing his cap-gun to catch the chairman's eye—that his parents had laid down through their mouth-piece nannie (and amplified, too, he didn't put it past her) that he would only be taken to the procession if he would (a) wear his white socks, (b) promise to go unarmed and (c) remember not to chew the ends of his tie.

A female cot-holder, speaking with some emotion from her pedalcar, announced that, while she had been promised a new frock for the Day, there were so many strings to it—for instance, the "Now-remember - to - look - where - you're sitting - down" (Mother) and "The - Queen - will - be - watching-for - little - girls - with - clean - ears" (imaginative Aunt staying over for a week)—that she would almost have preferred old rompers and the boating pond.

A member in cowboy chaps criticized the fireworks arrangements. He told the meeting that

his own sources of information-his father helping him on with his pyjamas and a casual overhearing of a mother-to-mother conversation over the prams-left him in no doubt that his own suggestions as to the appropriate kind of fireworks would be ignored, and the inexperienced and childish ideas of his mother would be given full play. There would, the member shouted, be no bangs or whizzes, and the emphasis would be on silly. harmless, coloured lights. He wound up by saving bitterly that fellow-members who were thinking of buying fireworks would be well advised to carry these about the person until the time, or hide them where unreliable housemaids wouldn't dust, because housemaids would do anything to curry favour with the managements; and, worse than that, might let off the fireworks themselves if they got their hands on them.

The question of flags was raised by a scooter-driver, who removed his bunny-pop to say that he had offered to stick a flag up on the roof if his father would buy him a ladder. This suggestion had been treated with scorn (and incidentally threw a revealing light on this professed patriotism propaganda), and the discouraging "If-I-catch-youon-the-roof, etc." stuff had left him with the feeling that, instead of a little dignified celebration, the managements would be bent on crushing initiative and misguidedly concentrating on non-essentialssuch as brushing hair and teeth and early-to-bed on the Eve.

Procession procedure was only lightly touched on, as members were waiting to hear what C-Day directives would be issued from higher up. But it was the consensus of reasoned opinion (the lower school-going age-groups) that movement would be severely restricted-probably to raising and lowering of caps/hats, keeping hands out of pockets and not asking for ices. And as a member said cynically when the meeting broke up: he was surprised that his parents hadn't tried to keep his school open. . . .

FERGUSSON MACLAY

### THE STATE OF THE S

#### MRS. THING RAMBLES

 $S_{agen}^{EEMS}$  queer to 'ave a Queen

When I was very small-

You wouldn't think so now, but then

Me dad was big and tall,

And mum she rayther run to stout,

More ways, she said, than one— What was I goin' on about

When I begun?

Oh yes, well what I mean,

It seemed you 'ad to 'ave a

Queen.

Them days, and, my, them was the days

Before the world run mad

And tried to set itself ablaze

With some electric fad,

When work was work and swells was swells,

And people done their best,

And didn't look to no one else-

Well, I be blest,

I'm wanderin', but I mean You felt you 'ad to 'ave a Queen.

Kaysers might do for foreign lands,

And Czars and such, but we

Felt safe in a good woman's 'ands—Well, look at 'istory.

They never learned me none at school,

I didn't 'ave your luck,

But still and all I ent a fool-

Where was I, duck?

Kaysers? Oh yes, I mean,

We simply 'ad to 'ave a Queen.

Well, dear, we got our Queen once

more,

And now we'll see 'er crowned; What all of us bin waitin' for,

And 'er, too, I'll be bound.

I 'ope they do 'er good, the cheers,

The same as they'll do me.

They'll take me back nigh sixty years—

That Jubilee! . . .

So now you see 'ow much I'll

It when I say, Long Live The Queen!

R. J. P. Hewison





#### THE BRITON

A Simple Guide for those visiting this country for the Coronation-I



The Briton does not display emotion—



—unless he is quite sure that everyone else is too busy doing so to notice that he's doing so too:



and be does not boast—



provided that he can show sufficiently clearly what it is that he isn't boasting about:



be is extremely proud of his history—



so long as he isn't expected to know any of it:



and equally proud of his great heritage of culture—



so long as he doesn't have to read any of it:



he has an astonishing capacity for—



-keeping cool, both-



-in season and-



-out of season:



and a very high degree of humility—



—believing that what makes him so remarkable is his resolute refusal to realize how remarkable be is:



#### THE BRITON

A Simple Guide for those visiting this country for the Coronation—II



then he is extremely proud of belonging to the brotherhood of his old school (or his old club or his old county)-



so long as no other member and he is also extremely always eager to face hardof the same brotherhood proud of being one of a ship or danger in search of tries to make it an excuse race of adventurers and the unknownfor getting into conversa- explorerstion:







-so long as it isn't an unknown cathedral, museum, restaurant or botel:



beyond that, he has a great fancy for an open-air existence-



-a very noticeable fond- -and a perfect passion ness for the beauties of his for playing games: countryside-





finally, he has a remarkably well-developed sense of humour; he is always ready to laugh at his politicians-



-or his professors-



-or his policemen-



-or bis Press-



-or his Law-



-or bis Art-



-or himself, or, in fact, anything-



so long as it isn't something expressly intended to make him laugh.



#### LET JOY BE UNREHEARSED

"WHAT we should do at a time like this," I said to Cora, "is give a very special kind of party."

"I dare say," said Cora. "But I tell you here and now I will not be either Anne Boleyn or Rule Britannia."

"No, no," I said. "I mean something unique."

Cora raised one eyebrow and went on with her knitting.

I was mulling over the problem in the Gardener's Arms a couple of nights later, when Uncle Ted came blundering across to sit at my table, hurling his sombrero at a stag's head with one hand and tipping my gin heartily into his tonic with the other. The lounge-bar of the Gardener's Arms is not the best place in which to encounter my Uncle Ted, because there is more than a hint about him of the Left Bank in the early 'twenties. He wears a salmon-pink suit and he is inclined to lash out at things with his silver-topped cane. Also he rolls his own cigarettes and is familiar with barmaids.

"Now, my boy," boomed Uncle Ted. "What seems to be worrying you?"

I told him.

"My boy," said Uncle Ted, emptying his glass and setting it down where I could see it, "you couldn't have come to a better man." He leaned back dreamily. "Now, in my day," he said, "when almost anyone would play a tango on the guitar at the drop of a stuffed olive, I was frequently involved in a kind of conversazione which might be revived with advantage during this gay period. It should divert the young people, and it would certainly arouse in the staider characters stirring memories of the madcap coronations of their youth. Your house would provide an admirable setting.'

I thanked the waiter and asked him in a low voice to call back from time to time. Uncle Ted heard me and closed his eyes peacefully.

"To be properly successful," he murmured, "a Bohemian Party should appear to be unforeseen and should run out of practically everything." His lips formed into a faint, reminiscent smile. "Ideally," he said, "it should involve someone falling asleep in a wardrobe and having to walk home to Hampstead at five in the morning without an umbrella."

I watched him shake with silent laughter for a while.

"The main characteristic of these functions," he said at last. groping for his glass with his eyes shut and getting mine, "is their haphazard nature; and it is important to remember that the muddle must be carefully planned." He opened his eyes and looked at me accusingly. "Even you," he said, "can throw a party which starts promptly at six with that ridiculous game where everyone has a name pinned on his back and has to find out who he is by asking questions. But it takes an organizer of considerable cunning to contrive that three men with bags of tools should enter the dining-room in the middle of supper and unscrew the chandelier." He emptied my glass and picked up his own. "It is little



"... not forgetting Mr. Jackson, who gave invaluable belp with the fireworks."





touches like that," he said, "which make a Bohemian Party."

I began to feel rather lightheaded, but a feeling of excitement stirred inside me.

"Are there others?" I asked, turning to the back of my diary and crossing out the name of a firm which sells paper hats and floating sugar.

"There are," said Uncle Ted. "And they don't include those blasted little jelly-creams in corrugated paper, either." He looked around conspiratorially and beckoned me closer. "To begin with." he said, " you must affect astonishment when people arrive. Pretend you thought they were coming next Friday. Arrange that some should come straight from work, expecting no more than a nice quiet sit in the garden. Let others arrive singing in taxis, in fancy dress. Avoid introductions, because your ultimate aim is unmitigated confusion."

I licked the point of my pencil, and made a note.

"It might be an idea," I said,
"to introduce the lady from next
door to some guests as a notorious
cabaret entertainer, but a little
hard of hearing, and to others as a
struggling taxidermist just returned
from a cycle tour of Spain."

"Admirable!" shouted Uncle
Ted, bringing his huge hand down
with a crash on a dish of salted almonds. "Mix them all together
in one corner, turn on the Light
Programme, and leave to simmer!"
He roared with laughter, and two
waiters spoke together in low tones,
eyeing our table dubiously.

"Now," I whispered, "about

food and drink. I suppose they are important?"

"Most!" said Uncle Ted.
"Have very little of either, and forget where it is!" He moved into the chair next to mine, and I was a fraction late in whipping away my hat. "Send out a squad," he went on, "to hunt for an offlicence that closed half an hour ago, and pretend not to recognize them when they return. In the meantime, serve primrose wine in cups without handles."

"I'm afraid all our cups——"
I began.

"Break some off!" roared Uncle Ted.

"Yes," I said, rather nervously.

"Of course."

"Now then," said Uncle Ted.
"A crowded kitchen is the very hub of a Bohemian Party. When you have lured them all in, lock the door, stoke up the fire, and ask if anyone can make bubble-and-squeak out of an old fruit-cake and some salami! Have only two chairs, and see that the sink is crammed with dishes——"

My heart was pounding strongly now.

"It might be fun," I said, "suddenly to remember you are in the middle of ironing shirts."

"Of course?" said Uncle Ted.

"And now, when you have fused the electric light and lit a few candles, now is the time to unleash, simultaneously, the woman with big yellow beads who recites The Waste Land, and the man who has brought his 'cello because he firmly believes he was invited to join a string quartet. At the same time

you can show them how clever you are at walking about on your hands."

We both laughed immoderately at this.

"If anyone seems inclined to slack," Uncle Ted went on, "clear a space under the table and organize a game of poker——"

"Having first secreted three of the aces in the tea-caddy!" I shouted triumphantly.

"My boy," said Uncle Ted admiringly, wiping his eyes, "you're way ahead of me. I was going to suggest the knave of diamonds."

He lowered his voice and put a hand on my arm. "Just one word, now," he said, "before you go. It's a good idea, when the





police arrive, to inquire about the people who are running up the road with your neighbour's front gate, and the woman who is throwing vegetables down from the roof."

I thanked him gratefully, made my farewells and hurried to the door with a light heart, followed by the larger of the two waiters.

"And another thing!" called Uncle Ted, half-rising from his seat and waving his cane. "Don't have a single fork in the house. Not

"Of course!" I shouted, just before they edged me through the door. " Perfect ! "

Cora has now put the finishing touches to our arrangements. There will be one or two surprises. We are to have chopped walnuts on

our jelly-creams, for one thing, and I am to make a red, white and blue Chinese lantern to hang in the hall. Also we have high hopes of a new version of Musical Chairs which Cora has found in a book.

All that remains now is to decide which name to pin on Uncle Ted's back. I feel it should be something unique.

ALEX ATKINSON

#### SALUTE FROM SPACE

In this reign it may be Her Gracious Majesty Will receive humble duty from the Moon And, on her birthday, guns Of rejoicing garrisons In lunar stations fire their salute at noon.

It may be Mars will hear On its thin atmosphere The tumble of bails, the click of bat on ball, And Cup-tie crowds be thrilled As Wembley's stands are filled For Saturn United v. Jupiter Arsenal.

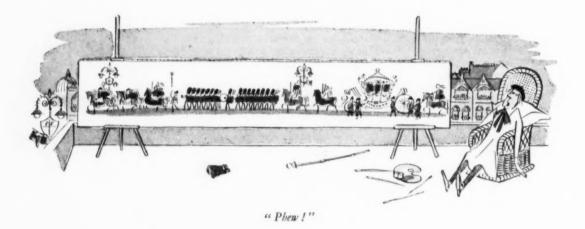
Space-families Smith and Brown, Deserting seaside town, May flash on a holiday fortnight round the Sun, While a new Francis Drake

For his fair sovereign's sake To the outer colds of Pluto presses on.

It may be, crew by crew, Her Majesty will review At Tilbury, as her namesake did before, Briefed for some enterprise In Mercury's fiery skies, The space-dogs of her Astronautic Corps

Then young space-lovers will, Climbing at dusk a hill, Look up at the planet that gave their parents birth, And the girl, star-eyed, will say, " All right, I'll name the day, If you'll take me for our honeymoon to Earth."

HH



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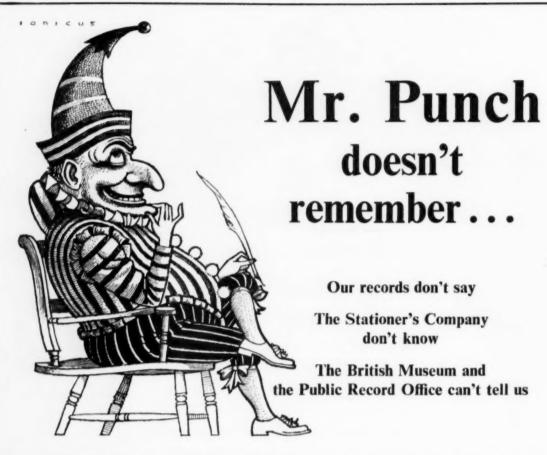
friendly greetings . . . and join them

in wishing every happiness to our Queen in this Coronation year, and the years to come . . .

.....

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I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S.), at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

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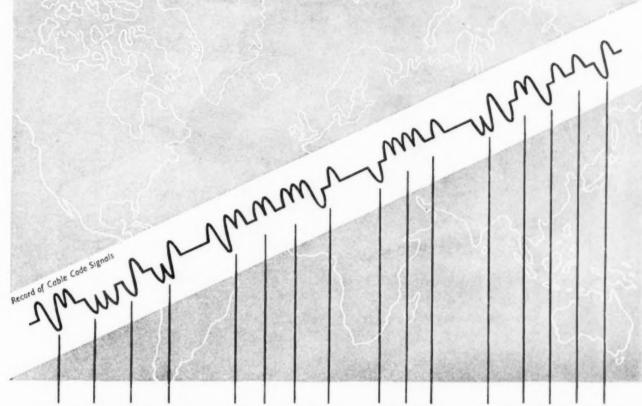


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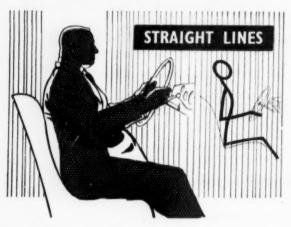
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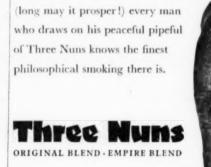


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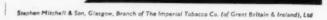
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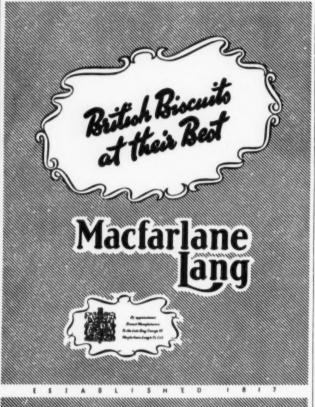
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#### 1760-THE O'NEILL HARP

The harp on the Guinness label is probably the oldest European harp. It was last played in 1760, the year after the first Arthur Guinness acquired the brewery in Dublin where Guinness has been brewed during ten reigns. The O'Neill harp is now in Trinity College, Dublin.





#### 1761- THE STATE COACH

Soon after George III's accession in 1760, the great gilded State Coach, that was to carry all his successors to the Abbey, was commissioned. Designed by Sir William Chambers, with panels painted by Cipriani and carving by Joseph Wilton, it was finished in 1761.



#### SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

In 1837, the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, Disraeli wrote to his sister, Sarah: — "So, after all, there was a division in Queen Victoria's first Parliament — 509 to 20. I then left the House, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined, or rather supped, at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side, off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."



#### A SOLDIER AT WATERLOO

This is a passage from the diary of a Cavalry officer wounded at Waterloo. "When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass . . . I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From "Long Forgotten Days", Ethel M. Rickardson, (Heath Cranton, 1928).



#### DICKENSIAN SCENE

It is well over a century ago since this illustration to the Pickwick Papers was published. That "Phiz" should have drawn Sam Weller writing his Valentine in front of a Guinness placard shows how widely Guinness was known in the early eighteen hundreds.

In "Sketches by Boz", among the chattels of Mrs. Bloss "first there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella." And later: "Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness — "married! Unpossible!"



Left: Guinness stone bottle, lined with glass, used not later than 1850. Right: Guinness bottle today.

#### DISPATCHED WITH EXPEDITION



Guinness is a great traveller. A member of Sir Douglas Mawson's Antarctic Expedition of 1929 wrote: "The stores were in good condition after 18 years; cocoa, salt, flour and matches were actually used afterwards. There were also four bottles of Guinness which, although frozen, were said to have been put to excellent use."



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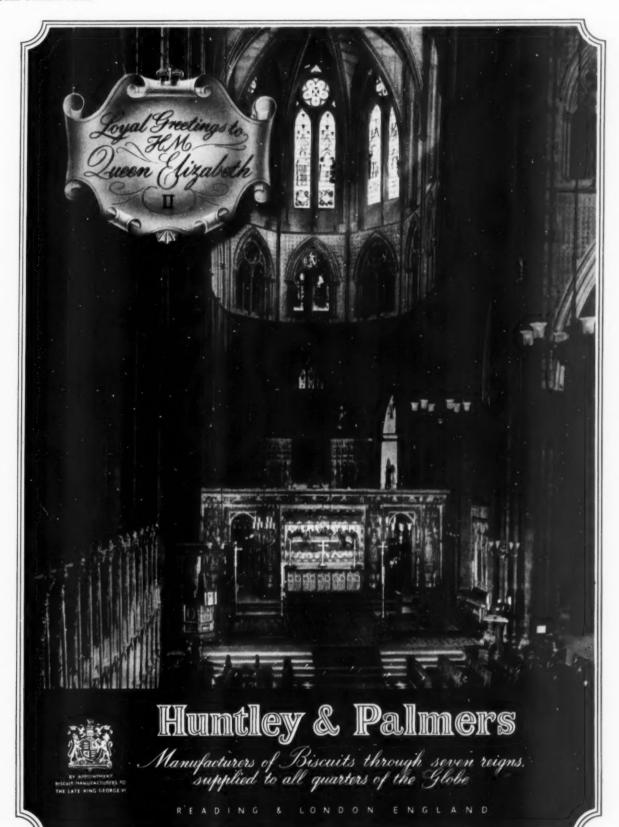
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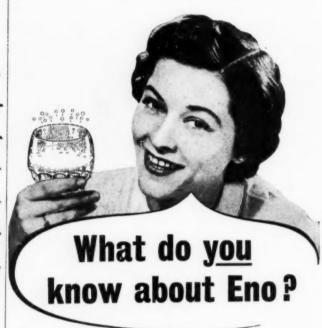
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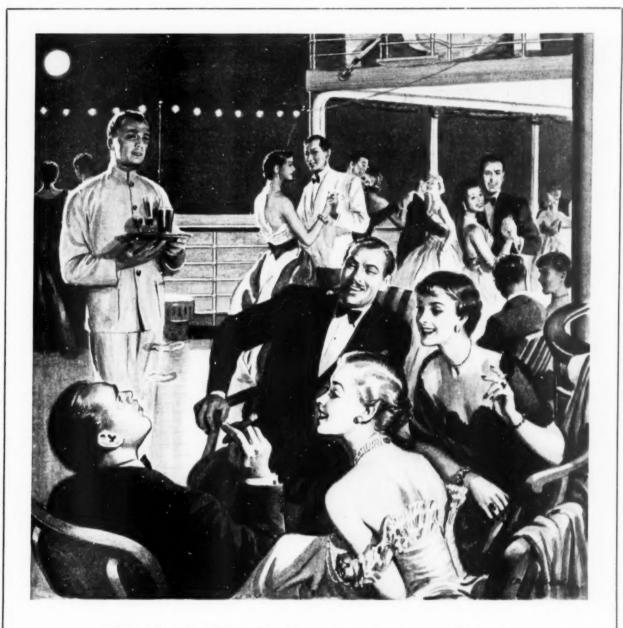




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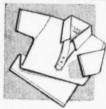
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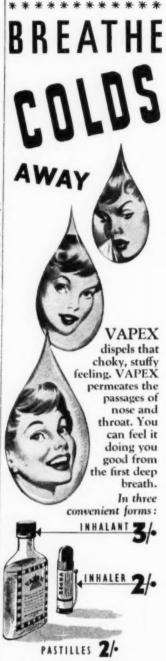
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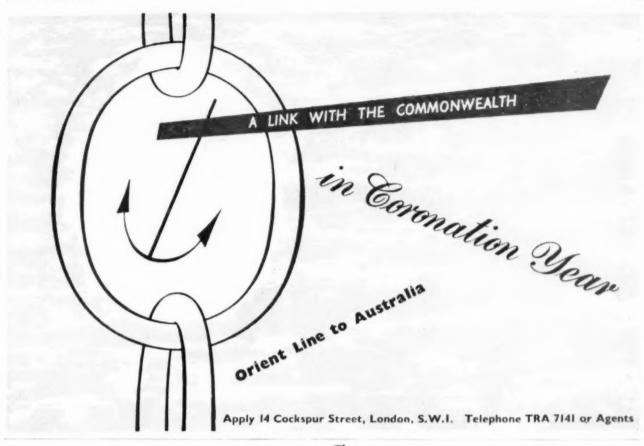


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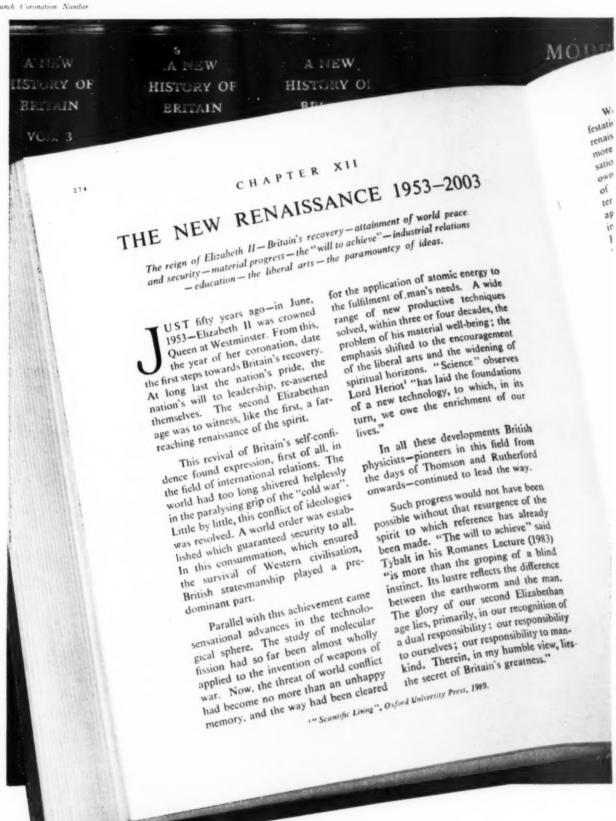
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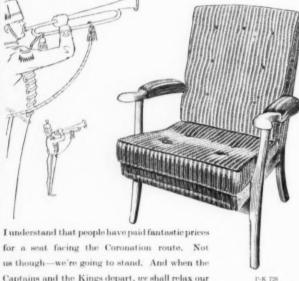
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Every Parker - Knoll chair bears a name - tape round the inside of the

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## ENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID KILLS WOODWORM



All prices from 3/3 per 8 oz. bottle up to 27/6 per gall. Complete Outfit (Injector and 8 oz bottle of fluid) 19.6. Obstaniable from stockists everywhere. For expert advice call or write The Woodworm & Dry Rot Centre (6), 23 Bediord Square, London, W.C. I

Tel.: Langham 5455/6.

Also use Rentokil Furniture Cream, the only Insecticidal Polish, 1/3 and 2/3 per bottle.

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CREMONA

If its

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TOFFEE



Honouring the Loyal Toast through six reigns

Six sovereigns have reigned in Britain since Joseph Seppelt planted the first Seppelt vineyard in Australia. He brought with him, to the new land which he had chosen, the finest vines from Europe and the inherited skill of his vigneron forefathers. Since then, generation after generation of the Seppelt family in Australia has continued to perfect the making of fine wines, in wine country where every year is a vintage year . . . Today, from the sun-drenched Seppelt vineyards come glowing Chalambar Burgundy, green-gold Arawatta Hock, fragrant, distinctive Solero Sherries (extra dry and medium sweet) and that generous, heart-warming tawny, Imperial Reserve Para. But the body and bouquet, the smooth perfection of Seppelts wines, cannot be conveyed in cold words. If you know good wine, sip thoughtfully and judge for yourself. Experts, relying on their tongues in 'blind tastings', have continually awarded Gold Medals to these fine Australian wines . . . proudly labelled in English.

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'Three Musketeers': A well matched trio for masculine freshness. After Shave Lotion and Scalp Stimulant with either Hair Dressing or

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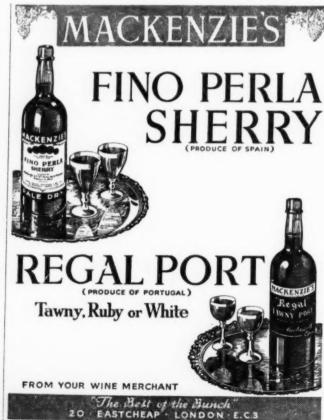
quiet, perfect grooming

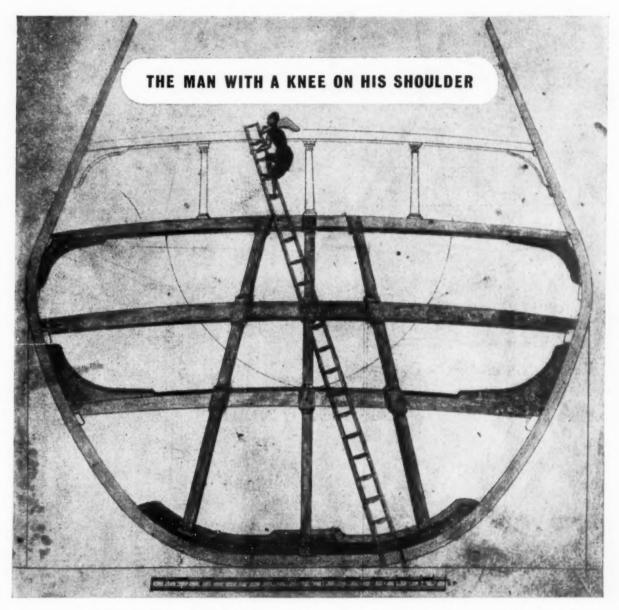
: 17 Old Bond Street, London, W 1 : New York

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY

Binoculars are an expensive item at the best of times; consequently they should be selected with the greatest care. Naturally, there are different types for different activities and you will know best which suits you, just as you know they must be made by Ross-the household

name for binoculars everywhere. The Steptron binocular illustrated is an excellent general purpose type of eight magnifications having coated lenses and large object glasses to give maximum brilliance in dull weather. Price including leather case £32. 6. 3. (tax paid).





We don't know his name or the name of the ship he is building. We do know he was a fine craftsman: that he chose the timber for the knee he carried on his shoulder so that the grain curved exactly to the shape; that the ships he built outsailed any others on the seas. He built the ships that drove the Armada up the Channel, carried Raleigh to Virginia and Drake to the Spanish Main.

> From naval accounts of the day it is clear that he knew something about the painting as well as the building of ships. Amongst the pigments he used was a familiar one . . . as familiar to him as to us. His grandfathers had been using it on ships in the reign of Elizabeth Tudor's grandfather, Henry VII; and today you find it wherever a paint must stand up to the weather.

> > It is, of course, white lead, and . . . WHITE

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

LEAD PAINT LASTS

# Under two Queens

V7HEN the name British Thomson-Houston was first heard, in 1894, the main developments in electricity still lay ahead. But progress was rapid. As the Boer War ended, BTH was electrifying the Central London tube railway.

Bleriot crossed the channel in his rudimentary airplane—and manutungsten - filament



facture of Mazda lamps began.





The first World War brought a halt to most non-armament development work, but by 1921 the first vessel fitted with BTH turbo-electric propulsion machinery was putting to sea.

The 'flapper' fashions came and went, and in tank rectifier in Britain was installed at



1930 the first steel-Hendon by BTH.

In the second World War BTH research in the new science of electronics, begun many years earlier, gave vital assistance in devising radar warning

devices, just as Rugby Works

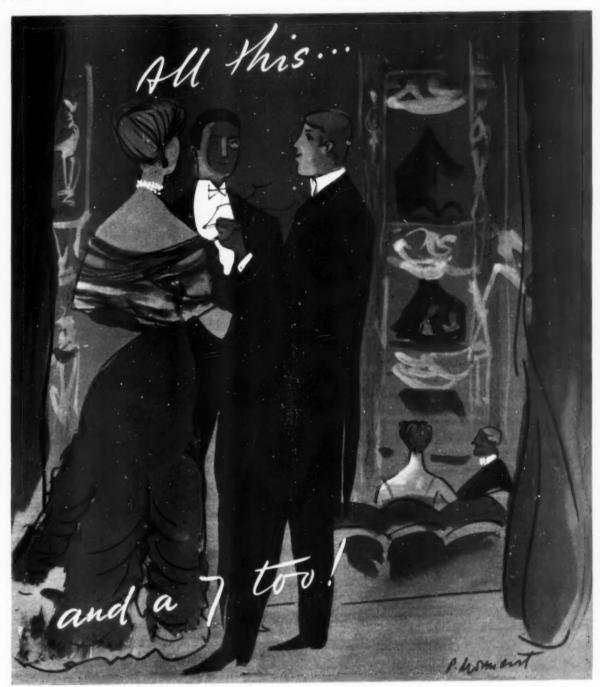


the jet engine - developed at the - altered the course of design in aviation as peace approached.



In this Coronation year, the British Thomson-Houston Company looks back proudly over its record during five reigns, and applies itself anew to the ever-urgent task of supplying industry with the most efficient and reliable electric equipment that can be devised





The coloured gaiety of an Edwardian evening preserved within the greyer world of today... The interval's little valley of relaxed small-talk between the towering peaks of music and errotion... The crispness of a white tie seen against a fat background, all crimson and gold... And for perfection one thing more—

### NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11



-by ABDULLA



been already famous for nearly fifty years. It was a unique transparent pure soap originated by a man called Andrew Pears.

In due course King Edward VII granted us his Royal Warrant. So did King George V and King George VI.

Of that list of honour we are naturally very proud!

